

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1935






You'll be glad

YOU BOUGHT CHIVERS

—when your guests express their appreciation of your wise selection
—when grateful letters arrive from friends or relatives abroad—you'll be glad you bought CHIVERS.

In addition to the products illustrated below, Chivers can a wide range of English Fruits and Vegetables, all conforming to Chivers high standard of quality.



T65

MADE IN THE COUNTRY AT THE ORCHARD FACTORY, HISTON, CAMBRIDGE



BY APPOINTMENT

THEODORE HAMBLIN LTD

DISPENSING OPTICIANS

MAKERS OF SPECTACLES TO SURGEONS' PRESCRIPTIONS ONLY

HAMBLIN'S "FULL-FIELD" SPECTACLES FOR ALL SPORTS



The shape of Hamblin's "Full Field" Spectacles makes possible the wide field of view so essential in sports of all kinds. With the more ordinary round or oval lenses unobstructed vision is not possible at extreme angles, the rim of the frame invariably coinciding with just the line of vision required.

In the interests of the public, Theodore Hamblin, Ltd., would like to point out that the importance of absolute accuracy of prescription is becoming more and more recognised as a necessity in coping with the exigencies of modern life, and that this can only be obtained with confidence from an Ophthalmic Surgeon. Theodore Hamblin, Ltd., only dispense prescriptions so acquired.

An illustrated brochure will be sent on application.

15, WIGMORE STREET LONDON, W.1. AND PROVINCES



Here's something he hasn't had already!

The new Wilkinson 7-Day Set complete with 7 blades and stop in chromium plated 21/- case
De Luxe model heavily gold plated 30/-

THE WILKINSON 7-DAY SET

Men who have used the Wilkinson Razor call it the finest shaving instrument in the world. But for this Christmas "the lily has been gilded"—The Wilkinson Sword Company have produced a de luxe razor called the 7-DAY SET. With this set a Long-Life Hollow Ground blade is provided for each day of the week, each blade is held in its own carrier and marked, Monday, Tuesday, etc. On Monday, Monday's blade, complete

in its carrier, is used and not used again until next Monday. This resting of blades for one week prolongs their long life even still further and gives that degree of shaving comfort which satisfies the man who demands the absolute ultimate.

Give your menfolk the Wilkinson 7-Day Set for Christmas and you'll go up in their estimation as "the woman who really knows what to give a man."



WILKINSON RAZOR

THE WILKINSON SWORD CO. LTD., 53 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1. FACTORY: Acton, London, W.4

COLDS STRIKE SWIFTLY—

BUT 'ASPRO' IS SWIFTER



Colds are about—they strike swiftly. Don't let them harm you—THEY CAN'T—if you take 'ASPRO'. 'ASPRO' is swift in action—it dispels the dizziness and weakness due to the feverish conditions and reduces the temperature. The aches and pains—the "fed-up" feeling—the sniffing and sneezing are banished too. So keep 'ASPRO' handy—ready for emergency—ready for action. Remember it is a definite fact that

2 'ASPRO' TABLETS AND A HOT LEMON DRINK WILL SMASH A COLD IN ONE NIGHT

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATISM
HEADACHES	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
SLEEPLESSNESS	IRRITABILITY	AFTER EFFECTS
OR INSOMNIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
NEURALGIA	HAY FEVER	TO WOMEN
SCIATICA	NERVE SHOCK	MALARIA
GOUT	TOOTHACHE	ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl-salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO Limited
SLOUGH, BUCKS.
Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3d. 6d. 1/3 & 2/6

AS A COMPLIMENT TO THE
RECIPIENT—CHOOSE YOUR GIFTS
AT MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S

To choose your Gifts at Marshall and Snelgrove's is to ensure the hall-mark of Quality and the cachet of a great name. It is a reflection on your own good judgment and a compliment to the receiver of your favours . . .



Stockings are always acceptable and if you buy them at Marshall & Snelgrove's you will get a dainty gift box free. Here are five kinds of Silk Stockings of the better quality which Marshall & Snelgrove's recommend with the utmost confidence

1. "VERE" Our highest grade; finest texture, faultless workmanship and exclusive colourings. Sheer 2-thread silk with lace clox 11/9 per pair; without clox 10/6 per pair.
Another "Vere" quality 6/11 per pair
2. "MARSELLA" Two examples of our Exclusive "Marshella" Brand, for day wear. 6-thread 51-gauge Grenadine Finest Silk, no clox, 9/11 per pair.
"Marshella" heavy service all-silk, lace clox, made of hard twist silk 8/11 per pair
3. FRENCH SILK Fine texture, with lace insertion fronts in Black, White and Sunbeige 21/9 per pair. French Luxury Stockings, pure silk, made of exquisite fine texture marked 100 picot top, fancy lace clox ingrain yarn 16/9 pair
4. "BERKSHIRE" 51-gauge, 2-thread, American sheer all silk; Ringless, Exquisitely clear 8/11 per pair
Quite the latest, 60-gauge American Silk, made from 2 very fine thread of silk, equal to 1-thread ordinary. Made on "Complet" machine, avoiding mark over instep, and Ringless 10/6 per pair
5. SANDAL WEAR Pure silk, specially made for Sandal shoes; no splicing in the feet. In neutral evening colours 7/11 per pair

Marshall & Snelgrove
Vere Street and Oxford Street.
L O N D O N ❖ W . 1



Avoid the danger of a sedentary life

The sedentary life led by most men of to-day constitutes a very real menace to health. Relaxed abdominal muscles permit sagging of the viscera, and this leads to dangerous displacement of vital organs, involving a long train of evils, as well as obesity.

At this point the Linia Belt is indispensable. By constructive support and massaging action, comfortably, without restriction, the Linia Belt restores the displaced organs to position and allows them to resume their normal function.

Write to-day for a free copy of "The Danger Curve," describing the Linia Belt.

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST.

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we also guarantee perfect fitting if you will send us by post only your maximum girth measurement, stating the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches.)

The prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap, are: Popular model, 34 gns. (Black, 4 gns.). De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 6 gns. (Black, 7 gns.). Standard model, 2 gns. C.O.D. 1/- extra. Money refunded if dissatisfied.



**On Sale only at J. F. ROUSSEL,
173 Regent St., London, W.1**

CITY BRANCH: 43, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Telephone: Regent 7570

**BIRMINGHAM: 14 New Street BRISTOL: 53 Park Street MANCHESTER: 12 King Street
LIVERPOOL: 6 South John Street (Lord Street). GLASGOW: 345 Sauchiehall Street.**

L54

THE GIFT-GHOST....

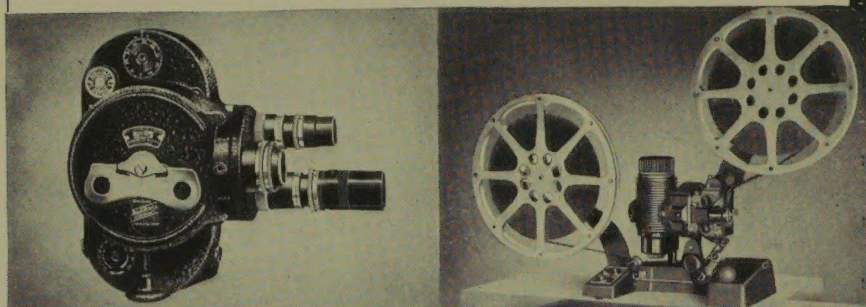
you know him - a nice ghost, even a cheery one, but as consistent in his annual perambulations as the ghosts who haunt the manor houses throughout the land. He is always laid, this gift ghost... put to rest again for another twelve months, but (let us whisper it) sometimes indifferently, even incompletely and that is disturbing. A thousand gift ghosts sink with a satisfied sigh within those homes where Filmó shows itself.

BELL AND HOWELL

Filmo

THE FINEST AMATEUR CINE APPARATUS

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HIGH-CLASS PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS



• The Bell & Howell range of Home Cine Apparatus contains numerous models for 16-mm. or 8-mm. films. The models shown are Filmo 70DA Camera, the acknowledged aristocrat of cine cameras, £73. And the Filmo 129 Projector, of advanced design and unbelievable brilliance in performance, £60. Both are for 16-mm. films. Ask your dealer to demonstrate the whole Filmo range.

Bell & Howell Company, Ltd., 320, Regent Street, London, W.1. World's largest Cine Manufacturers



**The Liqueur
of old Romance**

Was brought to Scotland by a follower of Prince Charlie in 1745. The recipe was given to a Mackinnon of Skye, and the secret has ever since remained in one family. Originally obtainable only in Skye, it has now been made procurable at home and abroad from all First Class Establishments.

Packed in Tartan Boxes, ready to post, it makes an ideal and unique Christmas Gift.

Drambuie

LIQUEUR CO., LTD.

8 & 9 UNION STREET, EDINBURGH.

This Christmas Give Silver King

GOLF BALLS

**THREES AT 3/- and 6/- per box
SIXES AT 6/- 9/- and 12/- per box
TWELVES AT 12/- 18/- and 24/- per box.**

See the gay Xmas boxes at Stores, Sports Dealers and Professionals.



THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY, THAMES HOUSE, MILLBANK, S.W.1

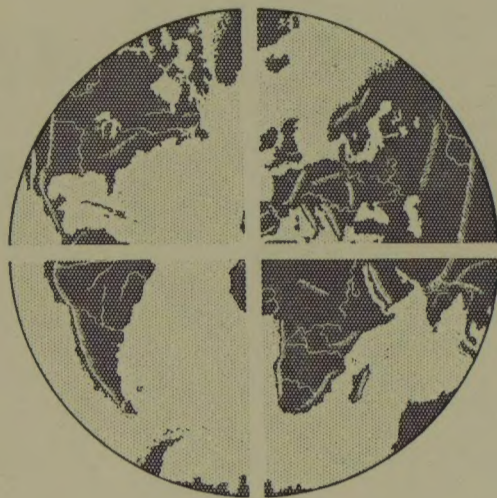


By Appointment

IN EVERY

GLOBE

QUARTER OF THE



Fishing Burberry



Walking Burberry



Shooting Burberry



D.B. Belted Burberry



Reversible Burberry



The Dual Burberry

**THE
BURBERRY**

THE WORLD'S BEST WEATHERPROOF

The Burberry receives well-deserved commendation in every part of the world. It meets with the roughest usage in the worst of weathers as well as polite wear, and, because of its comforting universal protection throughout its long life, it endears itself to its owner and becomes a constant protector and friend

Proof without heat, warm without weight, ventilating naturally like an unproofed topcoat, The Burberry aids good health and adds joy and pleasure to life. The services it renders are incomparable. Its life is long and it keeps its class distinction to the end of its days. None of that ragged, wrinkled, creased and disreputable appearance which all the many imitations immediately display.

The many imitations confirm the traders' opinion that The Burberry, One of the World's Best Overcoats, is The World's Best Weatherproof.

"May I add my hearty concurrence with the statement that 'The man who once wears The Burberry always keeps a Burberry.' One has done me yeoman service for seven years."
J.C.H., Washington, U.S.A.

"I have in my possession a Burberry purchased from you 17 years ago and apart from dirt and tears it is still serviceable."
R.P., British Columbia.

WARNING

No garment or material, unless it is the manufacture or merchandise of Burberrys Limited, may be described as "BURBERRY," a Registered Trade Mark protected all over the world. Professor Ernest Weekley, our most learned philologist, author of the standard "Etymological Dictionary of Modern English," states: "'Burberry' is not a common noun, and must not be written with a small 'b'." Further the Oxford Dictionary, which is accepted in the Law Courts and in both Houses of Parliament as the final textbook on the etymology and meaning of the English language, defined the word "Burberry" in 1933 as "the trade name distinctive of cloth or clothing made by the firm of Burberrys Limited."
N.B.—Proceedings will be taken against offenders using the word "Burberry" wrongfully, whether with or without knowledge.

"I wore The Burberry for the first time five months ago during the severe gale and although I was out all afternoon, the coat withstood the storm amazingly. It is certainly a great tribute to your wonderful weatherproofs." A.E.K., Reddish.

"I purchased a Burberry in 1916 and wore it with great success for 14 years. I can definitely state that it was still in good condition."
C.S.W., Australia.

Styles, patterns and prices on mention of "Illustrated London News"

BURBERRYS LTD., HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. And at PARIS, NEW YORK, BUENOS AIRES



VONO

FOLDING TABLES

Lines to a Lady in Present Distress

Please take a tip from Santa Claus
Who, when in doubt, rings up the stores
For ready-packed-up VONO Tables.
He says "I'm forwarding some labels
Addressed to friends. Attach each one,
And send them, please." The thing is done.
And those who get them all agree
No trump can beat old Santa C.
So, Madam, follow suit to score
Top honours! Ring your favourite store.

A VONO folding Table, in its neat carton package, will solve the troublesome Christmas present problem for thousands. For the modern flat or small house, where space counts and tidiness matters, the Vono table is an inspiration. As simple as an umbrella and as useful. When in use, stands steady as a billiard table. No fear of pinched fingers, no ju-jitsu business when you put it away. All good furnishers and stores have VONO tables in stock. Why not ask to see them to-day?

In various sizes - from 13/9
Decorated Nursery Table - 27/6
Velvet top (best quality mohair) - 30/-
Decorated hand-lacquered model - 55/-

Complete Bridge Sets comprising table and four folding chairs £7 and £10.10.0.

For further particulars write:
The VONO Co., Dudley
Port, Staffs.

London Showrooms:
75/77 WORSHIP STREET, E.C.2
Telephone: Bishopsgate 4671



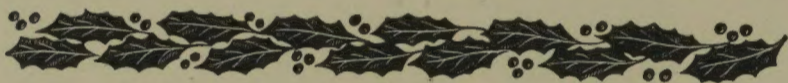
Pan Yan

1885-1935

49 Merry Christmases with Pan Yan Pickle, and may the 50th be Merrier than ever with Pan Yan again helping your Christmas digestion. With Pan Yan Pickle on your plate you can have three good helpings of cold Turkey and not worry about the consequences. A Merry Christmas to you with Pan Yan the famous digestive pickle.

A MACONOCHIE PRODUCT

MACONOCHIE BROS. LTD., LONDON, E.14



There are two kinds of Martini: Martini Vermouth (sweet) at 4/6d. per large bottle; Martini dry at 5/6d. per large bottle.



Whenever a happy occasion is to be marked by a toast or there are guests to welcome, "MARTINI" or "DRY MARTINI" is the drink the whole world knows and serves. Taken plain, sweet or dry there is nothing to beat it. With a dash of Gin or Bitters it gives you unlimited scope for mixing a variety of drinks. Experience will convince you that there is no substitute and that the Trade Mark "MARTINI" is your guarantee of quality.

Insist on genuine Martini Vermouth, and look for the name MARTINI and ROSSI.

LOOK FOR THE NAME
MARTINI
MARTINI AND ROSSI—TURIN—ITALY

*Whether they cost
Pounds or Pence
Gifts from Harvey Nichols
are distinctive!*

THIS glorious bracelet is made from imitation stones set by hand in a beautiful untarnishable metal. The square-cut, artificial emeralds are surrounded by crystal-clear baguettes 11 gns.

A CHIFFON square makes a gay, frivolous and inexpensive gift. This one—18 ins. square—is made in white, blue, peach, pink or beige embroidered with a black initial, or in black with a white initial 3/11



Harvey Nichols & Co., Ltd., London, S.W.1 Sloane 3440



**THIS
CHRISTMASTIDE
PLEASE
REMEMBER
THE**



480 Beds 6320 In-Patients
360,703 Out-Patient Attendances

£300

a day needed to treat
1400 patients a day.

Gilbert G. Panter, Secretary.



"Hawico"
EXCLUSIVE
FASHION
WEAR

"The Quorn." This handsome Riding Sweater—correct in every detail, makes an irresistible appeal to all smart riding Women. Made in Sky, Yellow, Beige, White and many other shades and all guaranteed to withstand countless washings.

MADE IN SCOTLAND

18/9



NAME OF NEAREST AGENT FROM DEPT. 8

"HAWICO"

168 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

**AN INSTITUTION
in Entertaining
and Hospitality**

**GRANT'S MORELLA
CHERRY BRANDY**

*Queen's Sweet
Sportsman's Dry*

"For all home entertaining
have this lovely liqueur —
famous for over
a century."

*Little
Lady Liqueur*

WELCOME ALWAYS
—KEEP IT HANDY—



**GRANT'S
MORELLA
CHERRY
BRANDY**

From your
Wine Mer-
chant or
write...
T. GRANT
& SONS, Ltd.
MAIDSTONE,
Eng. (Est. 1774)

**Society's favourite
Sweetmeat!**

You can now obtain all the year round the world-famous "A.G. BRAND" ELVAS Plums in the form of meltingly delicious and dainty CHOCOLATES. Like A.G. Elvas Plums they are something utterly different in Chocolates and are suitable for every occasion that demands something specially good. Insist always on the A.G. Brand label on the Boxes of Plums and Chocolates to be sure of getting the best. Obtainable from Fortnum & Masons, Jackson's, Army & Navy Stores, Barker's, Selfridge's, etc. In case of difficulty write to AGELVAS, 75, Bridge Rd., W.6.

**A.G. BRAND
ELVAS PLUMS
AND CHOCOLATES**

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL HAPPY HOMES FOR POOR CHILDREN

1,100 poor boys and girls taken from poverty and now living in pleasant and healthy surroundings, and being given a chance in life to become good and useful men and women.

THIS IS THE GREAT WORK
which has been carried on for 92 years by

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP



Here are two really happy girls from one of our homes.

1,100 CHILDREN ALWAYS BEING MAINTAINED

OVER 33,000

have already passed through the Society's Homes and Training Ship.

**DURING YOUR CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES
PLEASE MAKE A COLLECTION**

to help the Society in their Great Work, and know that you have been the means of helping to bring happiness into the lives of 1,100 poor boys and girls.

164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

President: H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

CHRISTMAS KINDNESS—PROVIDING FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

WITH the Christmas spirit in the air, it is well that people should not only remember their friends and their relations, but should think also of the poorer and less fortunate. The first name on the list of charities which solicit the benevolence of our readers is Dr. Barnardo's Homes. "No destitute child ever refused admission" is a proud claim to maintain, even for an organisation as widely and justly renowned as these Homes. But it has proved true to over 116,000 children in the past, and it is unthinkable that it should not prove true to as many again, and many more in the future, just as long as there is want and necessity to be relieved. At the present moment there are some 8300 boys and girls and babies being cared for within its sheltering doors. Dr. Barnardo's Homes give to these children a fair chance in life, and in order that they may continue to do so, our readers, in their turn, are asked to give what help they can. Donations may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

But what of the 4500 young people in the care of the Waifs and Strays Society? The fulfilment of their Christmas hopes is a matter of real concern to the Society in these days. To be father and mother to a family of 4500 is no easy task, and the Society's income permits only of bare necessities. The objects of the Society are to rescue little children who are orphaned, homeless, or cruelly treated, or in moral danger, and to relieve overburdened homes. Will you think of these children? You can enable the Society to extend help to a little sufferer by sending a donation, however small, to the Secretary, Waifs and Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

Many a poor family will have to make its Christmas dinner off a couple of herrings or their equivalent unless a "miracle" happens—unless the carrier dumps down a hamper loaded with good Christmas fare from some kind benefactor. Yet a ten-shilling parcel can contain fourteen shillings' worth of Christmas goods, including a packet of tea! The wonderful Church Army organisation makes this possible. The average family may be taken as mother and father and four children; so for a £5 donation ten families, or about sixty people, will get a pleasant Christmas in their own homes. Gifts for Church Army Christmas work may be sent to the Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

But alas! childhood has other experiences besides the delights of Christmas. Many people are unaware of the great contribution which the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has made, and is always making, towards the advancement of the welfare of this country's youngest citizens. As nearly 4,500,000 ill-treated children have come under its protection, to their lifelong advantage, the Society can very rightly claim to have added its substantial quota to the physical, mental, and moral progress of the nation. Christmas gifts for this national work will be welcomed by Hon. Treasurer Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

Imperial Cancer Research Fund

Patron—HIS MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE KING.

President—HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

Chairman of the Executive Committee—SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, BT., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.

Hon. Treasurer—SIR HOLBURN WARING, Bt., C.B.E. F.R.C.S.

Director—DR. W. E. GYE.

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for cancer research, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly in the cause of suffering humanity. The whole resources are devoted to the systematic investigation of the cancer problem. The administrative cost of the Fund (Office Salaries, Advertising, Printing, Legal Expenses, etc.) amounts to only 10 per cent. of the total annual expenditure.

While the Honorary Treasurer desires to thank all those who have hitherto supported this Fund, the income from investments and the Endowment Fund is still insufficient to meet the annual expenditure.

Donations, Subscriptions and Legacies are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby bequeath the sum of £_____ to the Treasurer of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England, 8-11, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.1, for the purpose of Scientific Research and I direct that his receipt shall be a good discharge for such legacy.

"High standard of practical utility"

"The annual report of the Royal Surgical Aid Society... shows that the Society is living up to the high standard of practical utility which it has manifested since its start. And that is a considerable period, for it was established in 1862 at a time when no Institution existed through which the needy patient could obtain much choice of the required surgical appliances."—*The Lancet*.

Please support this invaluable work, which has supplied over

1,590,000 appliances to the poor

An Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d. or a Life Subscription of £5 5s. entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion.

Address: THE SECRETARY

**Royal
Surgical Aid
Society**

(Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING)

Head Office:

SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Kindly mention the "Illustrated London News" in your reply

CHRISTMAS and the WAIFS

10/-

WILL FEED FIVE
CHILDREN ON
CHRISTMAS DAY

Will You Help?

4,500
CHILDREN
NOW IN
OUR CARE

39,000
CHILDREN
RESCUED

**WAIFS & STRAYS
SOCIETY**

KENNINGTON, LONDON, S.E.11

The nation owes a great debt of gratitude to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship. The record of its work contains some astonishing figures. 1045 boys have been helped to emigrate. 3632 boys have joined the Navy, and 7000 the Mercantile Marine. Over 7700 have found civil employment, and nearly 4000 girls have been prepared for useful lives and household duties. Besides the *Arethusa* Training Ship—a steel barque moored in the Medway near Rochester—the Society maintains homes and schools for both boys and girls. Donations may be sent to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

Let us now turn to the work of the Royal Surgical Aid Society. This Society, which has maintained a very high standard of usefulness since its foundation in 1862, has supplied over 1,590,000 appliances to the poor, thus enabling those benefited to regain or retain employment. During the past year alone, over 29,000 have been thus assisted. The last annual report contains an appeal for £3000 toward a special fund for the relief of those needing help in the Durham district; a distressed area in which the need is very great. Contributions may be addressed to the Secretary, Royal Surgical Aid Society, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.4.

A cause which well deserves generous consideration is the Cancer Hospital in London. The study of cancer-producing substances is a British enterprise. It has recently been brought to a triumphant issue in the Research Department in the Cancer Hospital. A great number of substances—tars and paraffins and derivatives of coal—have been examined in most minute detail so that the quality which produced cancer might be identified. Already the knowledge thus gained is being applied in further and even more difficult studies which have enlisted the interest of the whole medical world. Donations to further this splendid work may be sent to the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, S.W.3.

The work of cancer research is also forwarded by the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, working on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and, moreover, the present laboratories have become too small for the scope of the work. The need for expansion makes it imperative for the Fund to appeal to the generous help of the public for donations, subscriptions, and legacies, which should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, 8-11, Queen Square, London, W.C.1, or paid direct to the Westminster Bank, Ltd., Marylebone Branch, 1, Stratford Place, W.1, A/c Imperial Cancer Research Fund.

Another institution that does very fine work is the Royal Northern Hospital in Holloway Road. Here is a hospital built to serve the urgent needs of people in an area of seventy square miles. It is supported in the main by the willing, but necessarily small, contributions of the poor people in the area. They do not realise that there is a constant danger of wards in the hospital being closed for lack of funds. To prevent this grim eventuality materialising, we ask readers to send what they can to the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway, N.7.



DEPRIVED

—not of Parents
but of their love

When love goes and neglect, ill-treatment and brutality take its place—then for a little child it is the end of the world. The N.S.P.C.C. exists to prevent the suffering of children. 109,791 were helped last year, of whom 4,814 endured actual violence. Will you help?

PLEASE SEND A CHRISTMAS GIFT. Hon. Treasurer Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., or Director, Wm. J. Elliott, NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. (Chairman: The Most Hon. The Marquess of Titchfield, M.P.)



President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT



*Am I helping
someone less fortunate than
myself this Christmas?*

FOR a moment will you pause and consider the outlook of those who find it difficult to buy even life's necessities? Countless poor families will have no Christmas celebrations at all, unless given a helping hand. This you can do through the Church Army. Parcels of good fare—bought in wholesale quantities—will be distributed to thousands of homes in genuine need

£5 provides parcels for TEN poor families. 10/- makes one family happy

YOU, IF YOU WILL, CAN TURN SADNESS INTO GLADNESS by sending a gift now to PREB. CARLILE, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE
**CHURCH
ARMY**

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



**Please be Santa Claus to a destitute
little one this Christmas.**

8,300 children being supported.

10/-

**will feed one child for a fortnight
at the Christmas Season.**

Cheques and Orders, payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 92 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

PERSONAL APPEAL

FROM
THE EARL OF GRANARD
AND
FIELD-MARSHAL LORD MILNE

The time has come when, as President and Chairman of The Cancer Hospital (Free), we must ask you to allow us to make an urgent and even pathetic appeal for help. We must have immediate financial assistance to enable the Hospital to deal with the extraordinary necessities crowding upon us daily in our efforts to combat this terrible disease, which seems, alas, to increase and not diminish and to which any one of us may, at short notice, fall a victim.

We have to deal with three main tasks: (a) The cure or alleviation of cancer where it is not too far advanced; (b) The care of those in whom the disease is so far advanced as to be incurable; (c) Research for the discovery of its cause and cure.

It will be fully appreciated what a formidable field these investigations and treatment must cover and what a vast expense is incurred to do human justice to all. We cannot grapple with this responsibility unless we can secure substantial help.

Granard
Milne J.M.

**The
Cancer Hospital**
(FREE)

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3

'OVALTINE'

*And so
to bed...*



Hocknell

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

COVER-PICTURE in Colours: "*ANGELS' HEADS.*"
From a Painting probably by Claude Coello
(1621-1693).

PRESENTATION PLATE: "*THE NEW DESIGN.*"
After the Painting "A New Whip for the Dutch,"
by JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., R.I.

Charles II.'s interest in the Navy, the energy of Mr. Pepys on the Navy Board, and the work of experts like Sir Anthony Deane brought in a period of scientific warship construction, when scale-models were widely used by the authorities, as in this picture.

FRONTISPIECE: "*THE BELATED GUEST.*" A
Full-Page in Colours from the Drawing by
ERHARD AMADEUS-DIER.

The belated guest leans eagerly out of his sleigh as the end of his journey approaches, hoping the festivities are not yet ended.

"*BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.*"
A Full-Page in Colours from the Painting "Hunter With Game," by JAKOB JORDAENS.

WAYS AND MEANS. Three Pages in Colours
from Drawings by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

Once he was considered effeminate who rode in a coach... without springs, over deep-rutted roads; then a postchaise became the common conveyance of the well-to-do; and later, the smart set spanked along in tandems. Now we have sports models. . . .

SEA MIST. A Story by E. F. BENSON. Illus-
trated by JACK M. FAULKS.

Everyone sympathised with the Mayor when his wife was killed in the ruined castle. But a secret fear haunted him. Something pursued him—drove him back to the place of her death. What that was the reader must learn for himself.

MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION. Four Pages
in Colours by JOSÉ SEGRELLES, interpreting
tales by Edgar Allan Poe.

Imaginative paintings bringing to life some of the weird fantasies that haunted the mind of the first master of the macabre.

THE VERTICAL LINE. A Story by FREEMAN
WILLS CROFTS. Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

Had the "perfect" murder been committed in the laboratory? Nearly outwitted, Inspector French saw something recorded by the barograph which wrecked an alibi contrived with devilish cunning.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY.
Four Full-Pages in Colours by MURIEL A.
BRODERICK.

Folk thronged to see the Bible stories they loved so well enacted in the Nativity, Craft, or Miracle Plays, centuries before pantomimes or cinemas.

A LAMENT FOR A DOG'S DEMISE. A Picture
by GUSTAVE TAUBERT (1754-1839). With
Verses by C. E. BYLES.

What Polish lady's dead poodle prompted this anticipation of the spirit of the "Silly Symphonies" in the year before the French Revolution?

**THE LEGEND OF ST. GILES and THE MASS
OF ST. GILES.** Two Full-Pages in Colours,
after 15th-century Pictures in the National Gallery.

St. Giles, the holy recluse, receives in his hand the arrow shot at his attendant hind, and King Childeric falls on his knees in wonder. The saint elevates the Host in the splendid Royal Abbey of St. Denis, and Charles Martel gazes devoutly.

**WHY THE FIFTEENTH HUSSARS HAVE CAP-
TURED COLOURS AS A DEVICE.** A Double-
Page in Colours by GILBERT HOLIDAY.

This picture records one of the most astounding deeds of the often astounding British soldier, ranking with the infantry charge of cavalry at Minden, or the capture of Mont-St-Quentin by the Australians.

ANNAMER FAIRY-TALES. Told and Pictured
by LOUIS CHOCHOD.

Tales that have the airy fancy, the poignancy, and the tenderness of the wonder-loving but sophisticated Oriental imagination.

**THE EMPEROR WHO WORE FETTERS AT HIS
ACCESSION.** A True Story told by CAROLA OMAN.
Illustrated in Colours by EDWARD OSMOND.

In ninth-century Byzantium, splendid but corrupt, the mighty could fall headlong to ruin, the abject enjoy a dazzling rise to power, making sober history read like pages from the Arabian Nights.

**THE COVENANTER WHO HID AMONGST THE
BONES OF HIS ANCESTORS.** A True Story
by CAROLA OMAN. Illustrated in Colours by
GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

In the grim "Killing Time" resourceful little Grisell kept her father alive in the family vault while soldiers sent to hunt him down were actually quartered in his castle!

**THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF THE SNOW AND
ICE WINTER.** After the Picture by HENDRIK
AVERCAMP in the National Gallery.

Avercamp portrays the delights of what is known nowadays as an "old-fashioned winter," for the season seems to have become permanently more mild.

COLD IN THE NIGHT. A Story by MARGUERITE
STEEN. Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

The bedroom really *did* get deadly cold at night; something really *did* fall across the sleeper. They found a secret cupboard too—but empty, except for an old clay pipe!

A PIPER OF DREAMS. A Full-Page in Colours
by D. M. WHEELER.

Out in the snow, under the wintry moon, the little elfin shepherd-boy conjures up slumberland fancies with his fluting.

CHRISTMAS FOR PATRICK. A Story by LADY
TROUBRIDGE. With Illustrations by A. K.
MACDONALD.

Christmas presents, mistletoe, Christmas cheer, cracker-mottos—tiresome old-fashioned nonsense. But they meant a lot to ten-year-old Patrick. . . . And so they came to mean something deeper to Patrick's quarrelling parents.

**"WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR."** A Full-Page in Colours
by W. E. WEBSTER.

The lover toasts his lady as she flits up the old-fashioned stair.

RAG-BAG FIGURINES. Made by MARY NICOLL.
Verses by C. E. BYLES.

The remarkable work of a little girl of twelve who has made the heroes and heroines of history and romance live again in her skilled tiny craft.

**A CHRISTMAS TRENCHMAN BEYOND
COMPARE.** A Full-Page in Colours after the
Drawing of Falstaff by FRANK REYNOLDS.

Falstaff, literature's greatest *bon viveur*, twists his moustache fiercely at the prospect of the good cheer to be attacked.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1935



"THE BELATED GUEST."

FROM THE DRAWING BY ERHARD AMADEUS-DIER.

Making up his Christmas List

DEWAR'S



"WHITE LABEL"
The Christmas Jubilee Spirit



The Season's Greetings
from

WHITBREAD & CO. LTD.

THE BREWERY, CHISWELL STREET, LONDON, E.C.1



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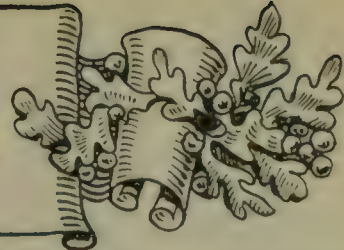
THE NEW DESIGN.

In this notable painting, a naval architect is showing the model of his new warship to the Navy Board in the days when Pepys was at the height of his career.

AFTER THE PICTURE, "A NEW WHIP FOR THE DUTCH," BY JOHN SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A., R.I.

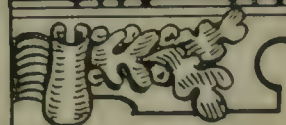


THE
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"BRINGING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER."

From the Painting, "Hunter with Game," by Jakob Jordaens (1593-1678), exhibited at the Commemorative Exhibition of the Art Treasures of the Midlands, at the Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Owner, Mrs. S. Hopton.



Ways and Means: Going a-Visiting through the Ages.

DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.



14th CENTURY: THE WHIRLICOTE OR CHAR was a long hooded waggon, with windows, and open at the ends. It was used by ladies and children. Owing to its size and weight it took five heavy horses to draw it, and, as roads were almost non-existent, it was probably only used in summer. As the whirlicote had no springs, travel at this period (and for long after) was much easier on horseback, or in a litter—in fact, vehicles were used mainly for commercial purposes.



16th CENTURY: THE ELIZABETHAN COACH was also innocent of springs, and was drawn by two horses. It had open sides with curtains, and was probably chiefly used in summer. The coach originated in Hungary, at a place named Kocs, from which the name is derived, through the French *coche*. The first coaches were modelled on the common agricultural waggon of Germany. They must have been rather like the modern hearse. According to Stowe, the first coach seen on English roads belonged to the year 1555.

Ways and Means: Going a-Visiting through the Ages.

DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.



17th CENTURY: THE COACH-AND-SIX is said to have been first used in England by the Duke of Buckingham (1592-1628). "People in the time of Charles II," writes Macaulay, "travelled with six horses, because with a smaller number there was great danger of sticking fast in the mire." Charles II founded the Company of Coach and Harness Makers. Coaches were suspended on leather braces—the first attempt at springing. The body was wood, covered with leather, and studded with nails. The door was a leather curtain.



18th CENTURY: THE POSTCHAISE has departed, but the sign "Post Horses for Hire" may still occasionally be seen, in faded letters, recalling a defunct industry, which employed many men and horses. A postchaise was swung on leather straps, the forerunner of the "C" spring, and was a comfortable vehicle, carrying a good deal of luggage. It had either two or four horses. Travelling by postchaise cost about 1/2d. per mile, excluding postboys' tips, on which they depended, as their pay was small.

Ways and Means: Going a-Visiting through the Ages.

DRAWINGS BY LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.



19th CENTURY (EARLY): RIDING PILLION was a method of travel carried on even into the early 19th Century, owing to the bad state of remote rural roads, especially in winter. A pillion saddle for two had a continuation for the lady to sit on, and a suspended board for her feet. She grasped a strap round the man's waist with her right hand, and the horse's crupper with her left. A heavy, powerful horse was necessary. This form of travel is still used in other countries, notably in Spain.



20th CENTURY (EARLY): TANDEM DRIVING was fashionable in pre-motor-car days. It is probably true that it was the most dangerous form of conveyance ever invented by the human mind! None the less, few things were more pleasant than to sit behind two well-broken horses, and nothing looked smarter. There were several methods of harnessing a tandem, the leader's traces being either attached with springhooks to rings on the lugs of the wheeler's harness, as depicted, or else to double swingle bars, or even a single one.

SEA MIST.

By E. F. BENSON,

Author of "David Blaize," "Lucia's Progress," and "Spook Stories."

Illustrated by JACK M. FAULKS.



ALL classes in the little town sincerely sympathised with Mr. John Verrall in this terrible domestic tragedy which had befallen him, for he had long enjoyed their well-merited respect. For over twenty years there had been no citizen more looked up to, for his integrity, his generosity, and the untiring zeal with which he devoted himself to their interests. He had been born and bred there; his grocery business in the High Street, which he had inherited from his father, was a model of cheapness and excellence; and, like a sensible man, he served behind the counter when his other duties permitted. These were onerous, for he had long been a Councillor of the Borough, then Alderman, and was now Mayor. Caroline, his wife, was a discreet and dignified Mayoress, taking a keen presidential interest in Girl Guides, in the female inmates of the workhouse, of which she was visitor, and in the hospital. She had not the geniality of her husband, but it was seldom that she missed a meeting of the committees of the institutions which were in her province. She was older than him by, perhaps, as much as ten years, but at sixty she was still a woman of energy and physical vigour.

They were both of them ardent naturalists. Not long ago the Mayor had presented his great collection of butterflies and moths, housed in a handsome cabinet, with glazed and cork-lined drawers, to the local museum, but he still pursued his hobby, and occasionally added new specimens to the orderly rows, or replaced dilapidated specimens with better ones. Caroline was a botanist, and often on fine afternoons, when their duties were done, husband and wife set forth together over the reclaimed marshes that stretched southwards from the town to the shingle-banks along the coast on these expeditions. He carried a butterfly-net, and his pockets bulged with nests of glass-topped pill-boxes for the reception of his captures; she had her tin case for specimens to add to her presses of the dried flora of Hampshire. The two were childless, but with their simple and industrious mode of life and their keenly pursued hobbies, which required much mild walking in the open air, they might surely look forward to a harmonious and extended evening of their days.

It was in the late spring of the year that this tragic accident happened. The Mayor and his wife had set out from their detached house below the town, on one of their long walks. Half a mile away, seawards, was a ruined castle, built in the time of Henry VIII. to check the incursions of the French. The circular keep was enclosed within an angled line of fortification, and in these outer walls there mounted a flight of stone stairs to the level of the loopholes forty feet above, from which molten lead and other deterrents might be poured on the besiegers. The gallery and the inner wall at the top of these stairs were broken away, so that the last step overhung the void below. This castle was a favourite hunting-ground of Mrs. Verrall's, for the crumbling walls and fallen blocks of masonry gave harbourage to many stone-crops and to those kindred plants that find nourishment in the interstices of ruins. After an early cup of tea, the two started in this direction.

Three hours later, as the dusk of the evening was beginning to fall, John Verrall returned alone. He found that his wife was still out, but that was nothing to be surprised at. He told the handsome young woman who was their general servant that, as often happened, they had parted company. Caroline had wanted to prowl about the castle, while he had gone on to search the line of willows and alders that grew beside an adjoining dyke, for caterpillars. Indeed, he was in high good humour, for he had found a couple of caterpillars of the very rare alder moth, and, while waiting for her return, he put these, with a good supply of their food, into one of his breeding-cages. But still she did not come, and, after he had had a bit of cold supper himself, he began to grow uneasy. Night fell, and the moon rose, and now, with a more definite fear that something untoward had happened, he rang up the police-station. No; she had not been seen in the town, and presently a constable arrived, and together they went to the castle, where her husband had last seen her. Possibly, clambering about, she might have sprained an ankle, and was lying there unable to move. Luckily, the night was warm, and she would not have suffered from exposure. The moon was large and full, but it was as well that the constable had brought his lantern, for presently a thick bank of sea-fog formed overhead, obscuring the light. Ten minutes' brisk walking brought them to the castle; they called and shouted, but none answered, and soon their search disclosed her lying all crumpled up just underneath the end of the broken staircase in the wall. Her head must have



Their search disclosed her lying all crumpled up just underneath the end of the broken staircase in the wall.

hit some block of stone on the ground, for the skull was terribly shattered. An inquest was held, and the manner of her death was easily arrived at. From the position of the body, it was evident that she must have slipped when standing on the top step, forty feet above, and death was instantaneous. Her husband related how he had left her at the castle that afternoon, and in answer to some painful but necessary questions, said that he knew of no trouble on her mind; their married life of over twenty years had been a most happy one. The coroner, after recording the verdict of accidental death, had expressed the deepest sympathy with the widower. He suggested, also, that a barrier ought to be placed across the top end of the staircase in the wall, in order to avoid all possibility of such a lamentable accident occurring again.

John Verrall was wise enough not to permit his bereavement to interfere with his duties. There was no use—indeed, it would have been far worse than useless—in shutting himself up and brooding over his loneliness, and, as soon as the funeral was over, he resumed the full activities of his office. His widowed sister, who lived in the town, came to stay with him for a week, to sort out poor Caroline's possessions, but when she hinted that she would be quite willing to make her permanent home with him, he had no hesitation in refusing her offer, for she was one of those sweet, smiling folk who diffuse depression round them like influenza.

"Very kind of you, Amy," he said, "and I'm sure I appreciate your intention. But nobody can be the companion to me that Caroline was. I shall be better alone."

"But all the housekeeping, the endless little jobs, dear John?" she said. "You, in your busy life, cannot find the constant supervision——"

"That will be perfectly all right," said John, firmly. "Harriet Cox has been here for ten years, ever since she was a girl, and she knows my ways. She requires no supervision."

So Mrs. Reed went back to her own house, with a new dress that had belonged to Caroline, and some under-linen and an amethyst brooch. John found that Harriet Cox was an admirable housekeeper, and made him most comfortable. She worked with far greater alacrity now that she was responsible and unsupervised, her cooking improved, the weekly bills were lower, and the house was resplendent with cleanness and polish.

The spacious strip of garden behind had been Caroline's care; a man came in for an hour or two twice in the week to help with the heavier work of digging and lawn-mowing. One evening, strolling here before his supper, John thought he must make some changes. It had been Caroline's fancy to have a border of wild flowers. A trellis twined with honeysuckle stood at the back; there were clumps of tall ox-eye daisies, and red and white valerian. There were campions and loosestrife, and in front, lowlier herbs, harebells, and snapdragon and bugloss; and beyond she had made a rockery of such plants as flourished in the crannies of walls. This was her latest creation, and, no doubt, the contents of her botanical case, gathered in the last hours of her life, would have been added to it. As he paused opposite this pile, John Verrall felt a sudden qualm of distaste for it. Her transplantings had not flourished; they were starved and unhappy specimens, and the conglomeration of rock and slag, out of which they grew, was an eyesore, rather than a

decoration. He called to the man who was working in the strip of kitchen-garden beyond.

"I want you to remove that bit of rockery," he said. "You might set about it this evening. Just cart the stones away: it won't take you an hour."

His eye fell on the border of wild flowers. They, too, reminded him of Caroline's walks over the marsh.

"And you had best make an end of that border," he added. "It's but a collection of weeds. We'll plant a rose-bed there in the autumn."

The day had been very hot, and, as often happened in the cool of nightfall, patches of mist began to rise over the surface of the fields. They were quite shallow, for John Verrall, sitting with his pipe in the veranda after his supper, could see the tops of the castle walls stand out black and clear above them against the fading radiance of the sunset. He read his evening paper for a while, then, looking up again, he observed that the mist was drifting thickly over the garden. There was a figure, dimly outlined, bending down by the end of the wild-flower border, just about where Caroline's rockery had stood: the job of removing it must have taken the gardener a good bit longer than he had expected. John rose, for the air was getting chilly, and went indoors. Harriet Cox was just bringing his tray of whisky and water into the sitting-room, and, having locked up the house, she returned for the game of bezique which she and her master often played before bedtime. She had picked it up wonderfully quickly, and it passed the time very pleasantly.

Caroline had had no head for cards at all, and she never would learn. She preferred to sit close to the light, doing her knitting or crochet, and the evenings were wearisome. John was no great hand at reading, and, yawning over his book, he used often to glance up at her, wishing she would take herself off to bed. She had habits that irritated him, and yet he found a secret luxury in observing them. She had a genteel way of running the tip of her tongue along her upper lip, and then slightly opening her mouth as if about to speak. Incessantly she made small clucking noises in her mouth, for her denture did not fit as well as it should, and for the last year her digestion had not been perfect, and there were other little noises. When these occurred, she put up her hand to her lips, and said "Pardon." Certainly the evenings now were more entertaining with these games of bezique with Harriet, in all the bloom of her thirty years, a handsome, buxom woman, full of enjoyment and laughter as she laid down her sequence or her four aces.

"Two hundred and fifty," she said gleefully, "and a hundred to say. Well, I am having all the luck to-night."

They were just coming to the end of their second game, when the sharp trill of an electric bell sounded.

"Must be the front door," she said, and bustled off to answer it. She had left the door of the sitting-room open, and John heard the drawing of the bolts and the click of the key. Then there was silence, and presently the front door closed again, and she came back.

"That's an odd thing now, Mr. Verrall," she said. "Not a soul there, and I looked up and down the road, and went to the back door as well. I'll have a peep into my kitchen, and look at the indicator, so we'll know what bell it was that rang."

She was back again in a moment. "Not the front door at all," she said. "It was the bell of the mistress's room, for the disc was swinging still. Something a bit out of order: it happened like that only yesterday. I'll have it seen to to-morrow. Me to draw a card? Well, I never! Just what I wanted!"

John did not sleep well that night, but he was at last dropping into a doze, when a sharp rap at his door awoke him. His Cairn terrier heard it too, and disliked it, for she jumped out of her basket, barking furiously. He turned on his light, and got up to see what it was: the light shone strongly into the passage at the head of the stairs, but there was no one there. But did something brush, ever so lightly, against the sleeve of his pyjama-jacket? He laughed at himself for letting such a notion even enter his head; it was just a breath of the draught coming up the stairs. But Patsy was uneasy; she would not settle down into her basket again, but whimpered at the door, asking to be let out. She was a spoilt little lady, who usually had her way, and once more he got out of bed, and heard her padding down the stairs to a favourite mat in the hall.

These nocturnal disturbances had shrunk next morning to their due insignificance, and John, recalling them, thought of them as more like some fragment of a dream than waking realities. He walked up into the town to preside at the Borough Bench, and found there was a longish list of cases. Most were of the usual type: motors or motor-cycles being used with expired licenses, or being left without proper lights; and two small boys were charged with having broken the barrier lately erected across the top of the staircase in the castle. They were seen clambering about near that fatal edge, and, lying on the ground below, were the broken fragments of the barrier. But there was no real evidence to connect the boys with it, and the Bench dismissed the case. John Verrall, as usual, had been absently scribbling on a sheet of paper on his desk as he listened, and he saw, to his surprise, that he had been making sketches of stairways leading up into the air, and then stopping. Afterwards, he had to see the Town Surveyor over some plans for new houses, and told him that the barrier must be put up again at once. It ought, evidently, to be constructed much more solidly; it should be cemented into the masonry of the walls. A very dangerous place: it would be too hideous if another tragedy occurred there.

He found that his gardener had been busy when he got home. The stones of the rockery were piled behind the tool-shed, and the border of wild flowers was uprooted. It had been a queer idea of Caroline's to bring into the garden what belonged to fields and hedges, and he looked with satisfaction on the empty bed and the demolished rockery. They had always reminded him of her in some specially intimate way, and with their removal it was as if some site in his mind had been cleared for a new and more decorative planting. How old she had got in this last year, how oppressive and irritating her presence had become to him. . . . The air over the fields was trembling in the heat, and the outline of the castle seemed to waver. Never, since her death, since the day when he had returned alone with the caterpillars of the alder-moth, had he been there. But it was time to have done with the past—the removal of Caroline's garden seemed to assist in that obliteration—and some day, soon, he would go there again and see that his orders about a more stalwart barrier at the top of that broken staircase had been carried out. Perhaps he ought to have gone there before and faced the associations of the place, for he knew that in his mind there had now formed a little black pool of terror, in which was reflected the spot where her crumpled body had lain. That must not be allowed to spread further, it must be drained off.

There was Patsy, lying in the shade of the tool-shed: sensible little lady; she got a breath of air there, and was out of the sun. At the sight of her, the memory of that knock at his door last night, which woke him up and inspired her to frenzied barking, came back to his mind with a queer vividness.

Patsy had always feared and disliked Caroline; she would steal out of the room if she entered it; she would go dinnerless sooner than receive her food from those hands; if Caroline was planting her rockery when John passed through the garden with his dog, Patsy gave her a very wide berth.

It was lunch time, and he called: "Come and get your dinner, Patsy," and the dog followed him up the garden, keen for her food. Then an odd thing happened. As they approached the place where the rockery had stood, Patsy stopped and began barking between fury and fright, with her eyes glaring at something there. Then she slunk away in cover of the privet-hedge, and raced for the house.

Just for a moment, that little black pool of terror that lurked somewhere deep down in John's consciousness, grew larger and spread in every direction, for the hot, still sunshine seemed suddenly charged with the very essence of Caroline. But he called common sense to his aid; it was just the sight of Patsy slinking away like that, as he had so often known her to do if Caroline was near, that had conjured up the fanciful illusion that she was there by her demolished rockery and her uprooted bed of wild flowers. All was a figment of his imagination, he said to himself; he was like a child who invents something to appal, and then is scared at it. There must be an end of this; he must revisit the castle without delay. This very afternoon he would go out with his



Looking up again, he observed that the mist was drifting thickly over the garden. There was a figure dimly outlined, bending down by the end of the wild-flower border.



"That's an odd thing now, Mr. Verrall," she said. "Not a soul there, and I looked up and down the road, and went to the back door as well."

butterfly-net and his nests of glass-topped pill-boxes, and follow, step by step, that last walk he had taken, with Caroline for companion, as far as the castle. Patsy should come with him, this time; she had not been with him before, as she would never go walking with Caroline.

They set off through the garden. All memory of the morning's agitation had vanished from Patsy's mind. She found an interesting smell of some sort, where the rockery had stood, and pursued it rapturously into the seeding asparagus bed. She had a swim in one of the dykes, she excavated for a mole without reward, and soon, close in front of them, was the castle. How wise he had been, thought John, to make an effort and take himself in hand like this, for the sight of the place awoke no emotion: it was only interesting to see it again. Just there he and the constable, following the beam of the lantern, had come upon the body; he remembered, with extraordinary distinctness, the gleam of the wet blood by the head. Perpendicularly above it was the undefended edge of the staircase. It was almost laughable to think that for all these weeks he had felt this black, secret terror. Now that idle fancy was dispersed; not a shudder, not a tremor came near him; indeed, there was a certain curious fascination in renewing his memory of the place. With a shrug of his shoulders, he walked round the keep; he netted a specimen of the scarce comma-butterfly, and so came to the entrance of the castle again.

Patsy had left him, and he thought she must have gone out in front of him. But there was no sign of her, and he turned back and whistled

to her. For answer there was a series of terrified barkings. They seemed to come from somewhere above him, and he ran to the foot of the staircase and looked up. There she was, near the top of it, and when she saw him she whimpered imploringly. Why did she not come down, he wondered. There lay the stairs, open in front of her; she had but to scamper down them and rejoin him. But she squeezed herself against the wall and tried to slink by, and now John knew that there was something—or was it somebody?—invisible to him, which she could not face. She turned back and crawled up another step. She lay there panting, she whined to him to rescue her. "Patsy, come along, come along!" he called; but his voice was no louder than a whisper; and now he knew that he could no more go to her than she could come to him. Then came the end: with one despairing howl, she bolted up the few remaining steps and jumped into the void. He ran out, and there lay the little dog, her head dabbled with blood, but beyond the reach of terror.

John Verrall had but one thought in his head, to be gone from the place. He dared not allow himself to think until he was clear of it, yet where would he be safe from the unseen? "What was it?" he asked himself, as he stepped out on to the sunny levels again, and there was no need to answer that. Yet how could the dead return? All their trafficking with the visible world was ended. They lay quiet beneath the earth, and it was only the disordered fancy of the living that could associate them again with night and day, with sunlight or sea fog. He,

John Verrall, had only got to keep a firm hold on himself to render such terrors impotent. He grieved for poor Patsy, but something—she was always nervous and jumpy—had scared her, and she had fled before it, not knowing, till it was too late, that the stair ended in a sheer edge. Any sensible man would agree that it was pure coincidence that she had met her death at that exact spot.

A few hundred yards outside the castle lay the path across the marsh to the sea, and there were boys and girls going to bathe, and couples strolling and sitting in the shade of willows by the dykes. With Patsy's death-cry in his ears, it was comforting to hear the sound of human talk and laughter, and to know that, if he joined one of these normal, cheerful groups and told them, in plain words, the horror that was stirring in the dark of his mind, like some silent-footed creature stalking its prey at night, they would think him insane. He walked home across the sunny fields, intent on his resistance to the invisible power in which he refused to believe. Harriet, surprised to see him back so soon, asked what had become of Patsy, and he told her that she had gone off on her own account, hunting rabbits in the furze-bushes; that often happened, and she always found her way home again. It would only cause him to picture that moment more vividly if he spoke of it, and the silent-footed creature would grow more alert. . . . But Patsy did not return that night, and dimly, in many dreams, he saw himself fleeing up flights of endless stairs, pursued by something unseen and unfaceable. Next morning, one of the workmen, sent out to the castle to put up the substantial barrier he had ordered, saw by the name on the dog's collar to whom she belonged, and brought the little broken body home.

Then, for the time, that dread invasion recalled its forces. The summer passed, and never once did any qualm of fear come near him. It was even as he had known: a man needed only to refuse admittance into his soul of these terrors, and they would cease to assault him. Week after pleasant week went by, and gradually John Verrall began to allow himself to look back, with a sense of danger triumphantly overcome, on those two or three days when he had been on the brink of panic, figuring the return of the spirit of the woman who slept below the new, handsome monument in the cemetery on the hill. That terror had made phantoms of its own creating. "Just show what tricks a man's nerves can play him if he indulges them," thought John, as he stepped along to church on this October morning. "And a rare surprise there 'll be for those who come to worship to-day."

The surprise made its due effect, and a rustle went round the church when the banns of marriage were read, for the first time of asking, between John Verrall, widower, and Harriet Cox, spinster, "both of this parish." He was sitting in a pew next to his sister, who had offered to come to live with him after his wife's death, and he could almost feel how she stiffened with astonishment and disapproval. To be sure, it was only six months since Caroline had met with that terrible accident, but where was the good of waiting?

John Verrall looked straight in front of him as his banns were given out. He felt himself lightly touched on the arm, just above the wrist, and turned to the empty seat on his left. Caroline was standing there, and she faced round towards him, and passed the top of her tongue along her upper lip and opened her mouth as if to speak. The vision lasted no longer than the one swift intake of his breath, and was gone.

He felt the cold dew of terror ooze out on his forehead, but the next moment he had got hold of himself again, and called on all the power of his will to resist and defy. He joined in the hymn that followed, he hearkened to the prayers, and soon the congregation trooped out of church to a cheerful voluntary on the organ. Often there was a little pleasant lingering and chatting outside, and to-day a friend or two shook him by the hand and wished him well, but they were rather abrupt, he thought, as if the surprise had not been altogether welcome. But he cared little for that; there was something else that called and cried to him for his attention. That apparition was only one more disconcerting trick played him by his own nerves, a sudden twitch jerked from them by the declaration of his approaching marriage. The parson had called on anyone who knew of a just impediment to come forward. . . . Then he was conscious of a curious sensation as of cold or numbness on his arm, above his left wrist, and he pulled up his coat-sleeve. Exactly where he had felt that touch, there was a bruise, already discoloured and definite in shape, as if three finger-tips had been pressed there.

The afternoon turned out chilly, with a sea mist beginning to creep in over the marsh, and he thought he would keep to the house and busy himself with the monthly accounts to be submitted next day to the Finance Committee of the Borough. He ran through the charges: there had been some heavy expenditures on the extension of the water-main to supply newly erected houses on the outskirts of the town; there was the relaying of the gas-pipes in one of the streets; there was a column of miscellaneous items, among which was the erection of a strong barrier at the top of the staircase in the castle. . . . He got up. What could be a better way of fighting the terror that had manifested itself in visible form that morning, and was stirring somewhere in the core of consciousness, than to go out once more to the castle, and vanquish it on the spot from which he knew it sprang. It was putting out its tentacles again, and feeling for him, and he must cut them off at the root, or he would never be at peace. The sea mist was still only thin; he would run no risk of losing his way in it if he went now, and calling to Harriet that he was going out for half-an-hour's walk, he set forth. Ten minutes brought him to the entrance of the castle, and, skirting round the keep, he came to the staircase in the outer wall. Up it he went, his confidence increasing at every step, for not the faintest reverberation of fear now shook him, and he knew that all that had happened there was dead and done with. At the top stood the barrier; the work had been well done, for the wooden bars were close and solidly built into the masonry, and he leant his weight heavily against it for test. He passed down the stairs again with quick, light gait, and out of the castle.

Quite suddenly the mist grew vastly thicker, both on the ground and overhead, swirling in from the sea. But he felt pretty sure that he knew his direction sufficiently well to steer an approximate course across the intervening half-mile to his garden. Perhaps he would have felt a little more comfortable if Patsy had been with him, for often had they been out together when the mist was fully as dense, and she trotted along home as unerringly as if there had been none. Then the shape of trees loomed through the vapours, and he found himself on the edge of a dyke. It was puzzling: he could not make out which dyke this was. But the best plan now was to follow it, and on he went. Again something loomed in front, not trees, but solid and square, and he was back at the outer wall of the castle. He walked along it to the gate, and took his bearings afresh. The gate, he knew, pointed straight to his house, and off he set for the second time, and was instantly swallowed up in the mist. It might have been

wiser, he thought now, to have followed the dyke, for though it would have added to the length of his walk, it must have brought him back to the road below the town. So he struck off to the right, confident that the dyke was in that direction, and once more the castle wall confronted him. At that, terror began to stir; it was as if some unseen force was quietly guiding him back to the same spot. It was gaining stronger control over him, perhaps in this grey density the source of it was close at hand, and now, with terror growing to panic, as he conjectured inwardly and unmistakably what that force was, he broke into a run, fleeing from it. He caught his foot in some tussock, and fell; he scrambled up again and set off once more, panting for breath and giving little whimpering, dog-like cries of fright. Just so had Patsy sought his aid against the invisible. . . .

Again, after this blind excursion, he was back at the castle wall, and now, like some in-pouring billow, the controlling force swept him through the gateway and round the keep to the foot of the staircase. He guessed to what ultimate fate it was driving him, and, with a last frantic effort, he tried to dash past that dark entrance. But he was as powerless to escape as a straw whirling in the funnel of an eddy of dark water, and now, with expiring strength, he began to mount the stairs. Memories pierced the curtain of terror in which his soul was enwrapped: now he pictured how he himself had followed Caroline up those steps, down which she was to return no more; now he recalled Patsy attempting to squeeze by the invisible presence that drove her, as it was now driving him, on and up. For a moment a ray of hope dawned as he remembered how, not an hour ago, he had tested the strength of the new barrier at the top, and found it firm and stable. Now he was borne against it, he heard it creak, he felt it give under the stress of the unseen. It splintered, it cracked, and as he turned over, falling through the empty air, he saw, framed in the dark entrance the face of her whom he had himself thrust over the broken edge.

[THE END.]



He heard it creak, he felt it give under the stress of the unseen. It splintered, it cracked, and . . . he turned over, falling through the empty air.

Mystery and Imagination



"BERENICE."

Egeus was about to wed Berenice. One winter evening his betrothed appeared before him in his library, with lustreless eyes. Her lips parted with a smile of peculiar meaning, revealing her white teeth. Thenceforward Berenice's teeth became Egeus' monomania; even though she died and was buried. Again he sat in the library, but knowing that he had done a deed of horror—what was it? A servant entered. A grave had been violated, he said, and the body found disfigured, yet still palpitating, still alive. Egeus' garments looked muddy and gory. He leapt to the table and upset a box, which hurst, scattering upon the floor some instruments of dental surgery and thirty-two small white, ivory-like objects.

Mystery and Imagination



"THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO."

Montresor vowed to exact vengeance from Fortunato with his life. One carnival time he came upon his unsuspecting enemy, somewhat in liquor, wearing the conical cap and bells. Cunningly, Montresor played on Fortunato's pride in his connoisseurship in wine. For all Montresor's feigned remonstrances, Fortunato would go down into the vaults to sample Montresor's new cask of Amontillado. Deeper and deeper they went into the catacombs lined with bones. In the furthest cavern Montresor manacled his drunken enemy in a recess and there began to brick him up. Fortunato screamed; Montresor yelled back. But at last there was no sound in the recess but the jingling of bells. Montresor finished his brickwork, piled up bones in front, and went away.

Mystery and Imagination



"THE GOLD-BUG."

When his friend heard that Legrand, the recluse, had apparently lost his wits, he hurried over to Sullivan's Island with Legrand's old negro servant. As the three set out in the evening with scythes and spades, Legrand's procedure aroused profound misgivings. After a while the negro was bidden to climb an ancient tulip-tree, and, following his master's directions, found a skull on a dead branch. Through the left eye of the skull he dropped a certain gold-bug on a string, and, using this pointer, Legrand bid them dig. But one failure, and they laid bare a hoard of jewellery and gold coins beyond valuation. Captain Kidd's treasure!—the prize of Legrand's ingenious unriddling of the cipher to which the gold-bug had led him.



"THE SYSTEM OF DR. TARR AND PROFESSOR FETHER."

At the lunatic asylum they explained to the visitor the asylum-keeping system of Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether. At dinner anecdotes of the lunatics were related. One was of a certain "case" who insisted on getting outside her clothes. The narrator was hardly prevented from demonstrating how this was done. Strange, thought the visitor. Then keepers rushed in and secured the hosts, escaped lunatics.



"THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH."

While the Red Death ravaged his dominions, Prince Prospero shut himself away with his courtiers in a remote Abbey. Gay masques were held, and fantastic and weird were the costumes. But one, it seemed, dared to impersonate the Red Death, even to his face dabbled with blood. The Prince advanced to poignard the ill-advised reveller; only to fall prostrate. The Red Death had come among the courtiers in person.



"THE BLACK CAT."

To the drunkard the black cat seemed to bear a mark like a gallows on its breast. He tried to slay the ill-omened animal. His wife checked him, only to become, in turn, the victim of his insane fury. The murderer bricked up the corpse in the cellar. The police appeared. In bravado, he tapped the cellar-walls. He was answered by a howl! He had bricked up the cat with the corpse and it had betrayed him—to the gallows.



Wilde presented the muzzle of the gun to the back of the man's neck . . . Suddenly suspicion seemed to arise in the assistant's mind. He dropped his test-tubes and began to swing round. But before he could do so, Wilde fired.

The Vertical Line.

By FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS.

Author of "Mystery in the Channel," "Death on the Way," and "Crime at Guildford."

Illustrated by W. R. S. STOTT.

THE sweat was running down Arnold Wilde's forehead as, from his sitting-room window, he watched Chief Inspector French and Sergeant Carter leave the house. It had been a bad half-hour, that which was just over, the worst he had ever known in his life. For French was close to the truth, hideously, damnably close, and it had taken all Wilde's brains and skill to preserve his secret intact.

But he had preserved it! That was the great outstanding fact: the only fact which really mattered. French could guess and suspect as much as he liked, but he could *prove* nothing. He, Wilde, had been too clever for him. He had been too clever for any detective who could be put on the job. His scheme was without a flaw, and he had carried it out with absolute precision. For Wilde was a criminal. He had just committed a murder—and he was getting away with it.

Arnold Wilde was a technical assistant in the firm of Scott and Son, analytical chemists, of Barchester, in Wiltshire. In skill, knowledge, and ingenuity, he was quite first-class, and would quickly have risen in his profession had it not been for a certain impatience or recklessness which made him quick to meet an emergency, but intolerant of humdrum or routine work. It was this very quality of impatience, coupled with a healthy but uncontrolled love of adventure, which led him into the mad break from which all his later troubles had come.

He had fallen in love, and he had not money enough to carry on the courtship as he desired. He could not take Alys Deane to theatres and on week-end excursions, nor give her the continuous presents she so obviously considered her due. He was desperately in love, and he was desperately afraid of losing her. Then the chance of helping himself to the firm's money had come, and with his fatal desire for short cuts and immediate results, he had taken advantage of it.

Though Wilde had never allowed himself to be bound by moral scruples, it was the first time he had gone in for theft on a large scale, and five minutes had not passed before he bitterly regretted his action. But it was then too late. The opportunity of replacement had passed. Restitution would have involved confession, and whatever confession would have meant, it would have included the loss of Alys Deane. Instead, he set himself to cover up what he had done, managing to

divert suspicion from himself by inventing a mythical individual, traces of whose forced entry to the principal's room he carefully provided. His scheme had succeeded to the extent of taking in his principals and the local inspector of police who was sent to investigate the theft. After a few days of sharp anxiety, Wilde began to breathe more freely. But he had exulted too soon.

On the third evening he was called mysteriously aside by one of the laboratory assistants, a man named Hubbard. Hubbard was indirect in everything he did, and it was some time before Wilde realised the significance of what he was hearing. But when he did so, the knowledge was like a blow between the eyes. Hubbard knew the truth. He had seen Wilde arrange the evidence of the mythical thief.

At first Wilde pictured immediate ruin—dismissal, the police court, prison. . . . But he soon learned that this was not Hubbard's idea. Hubbard was on to a good thing, and he was going to make the most of it. In short, his knowledge was a marketable asset—at the disposal of Wilde, for a consideration. Wilde had paid—he could not help himself. Then, like others before him, he had discovered that his payment was only temporarily effective. A further payment was required. And still another . . .

After a year Wilde found himself being slowly bled to death. Most of the money he had stolen had by this time found its way into Hubbard's pockets. Alys had not, it was true, formally broken with him. But he had not improved his position with her, and he was under no misapprehension as to how the present state of affairs would end. And now Hubbard had made a further demand for a slice of Wilde's pay. It was a demand which, if admitted, would definitely bring the Alys Deane affair to an end. Wilde swore bitter oaths to himself that nothing would induce him to submit to it.

But what could he do? He knew what he could do. All those months of thralldom had not passed in vain. They had bred a Plan. Yes, he knew what he could do. Very carefully he worked out the details. His former scheme of the Mythical Thief had been a brilliant success. He would try it again. He would create a Mythical Murderer!

He temporised with Hubbard. He could not pay during the present month: he had spent too much of his salary. He would begin



He was called mysteriously aside by one of the laboratory assistants.

with his next month's cheque. Hubbard was taken in. He agreed; and Wilde began the carrying out of the Plan.

First he disguised himself: not ignorantly, with a wig and false moustache, but skilfully, with glasses, different clothes, a cap instead of his usual hat, and small pieces of rubber in his cheeks. In London he bought an airgun. It was a toy in a sense: scarcely a serious weapon. But Wilde was going to fire into Hubbard's head from only a couple of inches away, and he knew it would kill. At shops in different areas he bought also a pair of rubber gloves, a small crowbar, and a second-hand pair of hobnailed shoes, two sizes too big for him—"To help a chap I know to get a job."

The laboratory in which the two men and three other workers were employed was to be the scene of the crime. It was a large ground-floor room, overlooking the garden of the suburban house used by the firm. The garden was hidden by trees from the observation of neighbours, and Wilde was sure that if the house itself was empty, he could approach and leave the window unseen.

The room was furnished with the usual apparatus for four working chemists. Of these Wilde was one, and Hubbard was assistant to the four. Hamilton, the senior, who overlooked the others' work, had, in addition, a large roll-topped desk. This desk was placed with its back against the wall, and beside it on the right was the sink, bench, and "stink" cupboard Hamilton used. The "stink" cupboard was in the corner of the room, and close by in the wall at right angles was a window. The top of the desk bore a heterogeneous collection of personal treasures, which Hamilton guarded as the apple of his eye. Besides the telephone there was a curiously marked piece of feldspar, which he had picked up on the slopes of the Matterhorn, a rain gauge which he had said for months he was going to set up in the garden, a large barograph, whose records he carefully studied week by week, a bottle of Dead Sea water, whose purpose no one had ever been able to discover, and another bottle containing the vertebrae of a snake which he had killed in the Pyrenees.

Work normally stopped at half-past five, but if any of the men were in the middle of a test at quitting-time, they usually waited to complete it. Hubbard seldom got away till after the others, as it was his business to clean up and put away the apparatus they had used. With the plea ready of extra work in case he should be observed, Wilde on several nights returned late to the laboratory to test out the Plan. He went over its every detail till he was absolutely satisfied it would not fail him. Then he began to watch for an evening to put it into operation. The conditions were simple. All that was necessary was that he and Hubbard should be alone in the building. He made it his business to learn his companions' plans, so as to be sure that when they had once left for home they would not return.

A suitable evening soon came, and Wilde seized the opportunity. He delayed over his work till the others had gone, pretending that a series of tests had run out longer than he had anticipated.

Surreptitiously, he watched Hubbard moving about the laboratory, collecting test-tubes and other dirty apparatus and carrying them to the sink beside Hamilton's desk, where he would presently wash them.

Except for occasional distressing qualms, Wilde had up to this been cool enough about his terrible undertaking. But now that the moment was upon him he realised what it was he was doing, and grew almost sick with fear and horror. However, he had provided against this also. From his pocket he took a bottle of brandy and fortified himself with a good nip. It pulled him together, and he became once more his own man. With the feeling that the action constituted a burning of his boats, a making irrevocable of his dreadful intention, he heaved an audible sigh and exclaimed: "There! Thank the Lord that's done!"; going on presently: "I've got a few test-tubes for you, Hubbard. I'll bring 'em across."

Hubbard, his head bent over the sink, grunted. Wilde seized his airgun, which he had hidden in his locker, and walked boldly across the room. Hubbard did not look up. Wilde presented the muzzle of the gun to the back of the man's neck. It was almost touching, and as the head was bent down, the bullet would certainly penetrate to the brain. Suddenly suspicion seemed to arise in the assistant's mind. He dropped his test-tubes and began to swing round. But before he could do so, Wilde fired. The report was negligible. Hubbard hung for a moment motionless. Then, with a soft, choking cry, he fell sideways on to Hamilton's desk and from there slid slowly down to the floor. A convulsive tremor passed over his body, and he lay still.

In spite of the brandy, Wilde grew cold and faint. Then once again he pulled himself together. Now was the time for care and coolness! If he made a mistake now he was lost. Quickly he began to work. And first as to the position of the body. A glance told him it was satisfactory. Anyone could see that the man had been working at the sink when he was hit, and as the question of powder-blackening did not arise, anyone might suppose that he had been shot through the window. So far, so good.

The next thing was to supply the traces of the assailant. Putting on his rubber gloves and taking the crowbar and shoes, Wilde let himself out into the garden. It was almost, but not quite, dark: just light enough to see what he was doing, just dark enough to be practically safe from observation. Keeping on the hard walks, he went to a small gate leading in from the lane behind the houses. He let himself out with the communal office key, locked the gate behind him, and, with the bar, forced the lock from the outside. Then he put on the nailed shoes and again went through the motions of forcing the gate, for though the ground at the place was hard, he thought the nails might show. He walked out along the comparatively soft lane till he reached hard road, then returned, taking care not to tread on any of his outward-bound footsteps.

Continuing on to the window, which, being normally open at the top, was unlatched, he pushed up the lower sash while standing on the rather untidy flower-bed alongside the house. Then he entered, stepped beside the body, and knelt down as if to search it. He straightened himself up again, climbed out of the window, and leaving the lower sash fully up, walked back to the gate. This time he was careful to tread on at least one of his previous prints. At the gate he changed his shoes once again, and carrying the nailed pair, he returned over hard walks to the laboratory. Here was the trail of the Mythical Murderer, to provide which was the second part of his Plan. But there was still a third. There must be proof that the Mythical Murderer was not himself.

Retaining his rubber gloves, he quickly reconstructed the apparatus with which he had so carefully experimented. Taking from his pocket a piece of fine thread with the ends knotted together to form a loop, and which at one point he had frayed half-through, he put it over the telephone-hook. He saw that the frayed part was just on the hook. Then he got a large beaker or glass jar and placed it in the sink adjoining. He fixed it so that it leant inwards at an angle of forty-five degrees, its base standing across the angle between the side and bottom of the sink. It was just balanced, but to make sure it remained in position he slipped the loop of thread round it close to its top. He had made the loop just large enough to fit tightly. The beaker was thus, as it were, supported by the loop of thread from the telephone-hook.

Wilde then removed the telephone-receiver. This he could do without calling up the exchange, as the thread loop kept the hook down. Stretching the flex to its fullest extent, he seized Hubbard's right hand and closed it on the receiver. The hand would not, of course, remain gripped, so Wilde let it fall to its former position. The receiver he left swinging on its flex. Wilde now had a good look round the room to see that he had forgotten nothing. Then, having fastened previously-prepared weights to the nailed shoes and the gloves, he put these in his pockets, hid the airgun and bar under his jacket and down his trouser-leg, and covered all with an overcoat.

There remained but one further detail. Just before leaving, Wilde turned on slightly the water-tap at Hamilton's sink. He had placed the beaker with its top beneath the tap. In from twenty minutes to half an hour the glass would fill sufficiently to overturn. The thread would break, the telephone-hook would rise, and a call would be made at the exchange. This would fix the hour of the tragedy. At that hour he, Wilde, would be dining with a number of friends at a small club he frequented.

Wilde was well pleased with his scheme. It contained nothing that could possibly give him away. The upturned beaker and the dripping tap would suggest only that Hubbard was actually at work when he was shot—which would be the truth. The thread was of the kind continuously in use in the laboratory, and its presence would therefore be normal and unsuspecting. Moreover, it could not draw attention to

the telephone, as the position of the frayed portion would ensure that it would break over, and come clear away from, the hook.

Close to the house ran the deep river on which the town was built. It was crossed by a footbridge, but little frequented after dark. Wilde ran out on to the bridge and threw the airgun, bar, shoes, and gloves into the black water, as far downstream as he could. They disappeared with hollow splashes. Ten minutes later he was in his club and, with an innocent but carefully-thought-out remark, had called the attention of his companions to the time.

The next day or two had been a ghastly ordeal, but as time passed Wilde grew reassured. He was safe. No one could know what he had done. But at this last interview with French and Carter his confidence had been rudely shattered. French's questions had been terribly disquieting. It seemed certain that he suspected the truth. He had, at all events, discovered the trick of the alibi. Wilde struggled to hide the panic he felt creeping over him. Again and again he told himself that French could guess and suspect as much as he liked, but he could *prove* nothing. And as long as French could *prove* nothing, he, Wilde, was safe. All the same, as he watched French and Carter going away down the street, he sweated with real fear.

A little later Chief Inspector French and Sergeant Carter were back for the *n*th time in the laboratory. French was looking worried.

"That blighter's going to get away with it," he growled. "He's as guilty as sin, but his counsel would work that telephone stunt with the jury and get him off."

Carter mumbled an unwilling agreement.

"We must get him, no matter what it costs us," French went on. "Just let's go over the blessed case again. Perhaps one of us may see something we've overlooked. I'll put it to you and it may help us both."

French began pacing slowly backwards and forwards as he talked. "What struck us first was the receiver lying off the telephone. Owing to the disappearance of the gun, the case was an obvious murder, and the idea suggested was clearly that the deceased saw his danger and was about to call for help, but that before he could do so, he was shot."

Carter nodded, a wary eye on his chief.

"But," went on French, "can you or anyone else imagine the murderer leaving the receiver off? As long as it remains off it is a signal to the exchange that something is wrong. It's at least on the cards that they may ring up someone close by to have a look. If—as actually happened in this case—one of the partners rang up Hubbard to give him some altered instructions for the next day, he would be told something was wrong. He was told in this case and the tragedy was

discovered. Now the murderer would not want that discovery to be made till the last possible moment.

"On the other hand, if the receiver is replaced on the hook, it only means that it was lifted in error. Surely if Hubbard had really tried to 'phone, the murderer's first act would have been to replace the receiver?"

Carter nodded more appreciatively.

"This is, of course, a purely speculative point which proves nothing whatever, but it does suggest that this telephone signal *may* have been a plant, probably intended to fix an erroneous hour for the crime."

"That's right, Sir," Carter agreed heavily.

"We test the receiver for finger-prints, and what do we find? Again something suggestive though inconclusive. We find that if the deceased picked up the receiver, he gripped it in a particularly awkward way: diagonally across his hand, too far from the wrist opposite the thumb, too near it opposite the little finger. He *might* in his hurry have so grasped it, but it's unlikely. Again there's the suggestion of a plant."

French turned towards the sink. "Here in the sink we find an assortment of objects. A dripping tap; a large beaker lying on its side, beneath it; under the beaker a broken loop of thread, partially frayed at the break. Nothing suspicious there—at first."

"That's where the value of routine work comes in, Sir," Carter said, with slightly exaggerated innocence.

French glanced at him keenly. "Yes, I have pointed that out, haven't I?" he returned drily. "And I was right this time—if never before." He glared, and Carter's manner grew less assured. "Routine work told us that none of the men in that room had used either a beaker or a piece of thread of that length that day."

"Pretty neat, Sir," Carter remarked ingratiatingly.

"Incidentally, though we didn't suspect Wilde so far, that's where he made a bad mistake. He should have been able to prove that he had used both. However, he didn't twig that till too late."

"The beaker, the thread, the telephone," Carter murmured. "Something fishy about all three."

"Quite: it's easy to repeat a well-known argument. Was there a connection? Not easy to see one. Then at long last the position of the thread under the beaker and the length of its broken ends does suggest something. We find if the beaker was partially raised, the loop would just go over the telephone-hook. We get another thread and reconstruct. Then we turn on the tap and watch what happens. We see the beaker slowly filling till it turns over and snaps the thread and releases the hook. That takes about twenty minutes. The beaker and thread fall where they were found. So there is no longer any doubt."

"But we can't prove it, Sir."



Like a madman, he began striking the desk, with his shoulder, with his fist, while still he gazed. "Carter!" he gasped. "Have we got that blighter after all?"

"Ah, Carter, how wise you are! We can't. However, to continue. Routine work again tells us the time at which each member of the staff left the place, and we learn that Wilde was the last to go. We ask him what time he left and he tells us six o'clock. We have no reason to doubt it. But the telephone rings at 6.20, and we note that that was just twenty minutes later. At that hour, 6.20, all the members of the staff, including Wilde, have watertight alibis. We wonder if one of them arranged the time plant. If so, it could only have been Wilde, as he was the last to leave."

"It's a good case, Sir, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you," French returned, "because I know you're wrong. We then look for motive. Who could have desired this man's death? And here at last our excellent routine work gets something more encouraging."

"The deceased was undoubtedly living beyond his income. From some unknown source he was getting cash. Where was it coming from? More routine work. Was anyone else concerned living below his income? Great trouble to find this out. A week's work for half-a-dozen of us. But worth it when we get the answer. Wilde had a decent salary, but lived as if he was chronically hard up. And he had saved nothing."

"We can't prove the money passed from Wilde to the deceased."

"No. Neither can we prove blackmail, though our present line of enquiries may tell us that. Then there was the question of the fingerprints."

"The best bit of work I ever heard of."

"I admit it wasn't too bad," French said, with more complaisance. "The length of the pace was small for the size of the shoes. That set us thinking. And we found that the length of the pace, and—more important still—the angle at which the toes were turned out, were precisely those of Wilde's normal walk. Practically conclusive to you or me, but still not good enough for court."

French had continued to pace the room, but now he pulled up at the desk. "The position of the body showed that it hit the desk in falling. Let's move the desk a bit. Something might have rolled underneath it."

They pushed the desk sideways. It clung to the oilcloth, then slid with a sudden jerk. Both men searched the floor. There was nothing.

"I didn't expect anything," French admitted, "because, though I hadn't moved it, I had already looked below it. Let's have it back again."

But, instead of pushing it back, French stood rooted to the ground, staring straight before him with excitement growing in his eyes. Then, like a madman, he began striking the desk, with his shoulder, with his fist, while still he gazed. "Carter!" he gasped. "Have we got that blighter after all? Show me the photographs!"

Carter took from a despatch-case prints of the photographs which had been taken first thing on the arrival of the police, some hour after the crime. French hurriedly turned them over and selected a large detailed view of the front of the desk, showing everything in and upon it with great clearness. He whipped out a lens. A glance through it was evidently sufficient. He smote his thigh a mighty blow.

"We've got him, Carter! We've got him! Proof, absolute and complete and as neat as we could wish! Come on: we'll go and see him again."

Wilde had sweated after his ordeal as he had watched French and Carter leave his rooms. He grew positively sick with terror when he saw them coming back. If all were well, why should they come back? Hurriedly he crossed to a cupboard and took out his bottle of brandy.

"Just another question or two, Mr. Wilde," French said gravely, when they were seated. "But first I'm bound to warn you again that whatever you say will be taken down and may be used in evidence. Also, that you need not answer my questions unless you like. But you said you wished to make a statement, and did so. Are you willing to add to that statement?"

Momentarily Wilde hesitated. "I've nothing to hide," he said, with an assumption of ease. "I'll answer your further questions if I can."

French immediately began. But he surprised Wilde. He repeated

questions which he had already asked—inoffensive questions, irrelevant questions even. Wilde began to breathe more freely. There was nothing to be alarmed about. It was simply a case of official stupidity.

"You stated that you were alone in the laboratory with the deceased from about half-past five, when the others left, to about six, when you left yourself. Do you stick to that statement?"

"Certainly."

"Where were you working?"

"At my bench, as I said." Relief was growing in Wilde's mind and was reflected in the tone of his replies.

"From your bench you could see Mr. Hamilton's desk?"

"Yes; it was straight in front of me."

"Now, during that half-hour did anything heavy strike the desk?"

Wilde's relief suddenly evaporated. With terrible clarity he saw in his mind's eye the body growing limp, crashing against the desk, and from it to the floor. Why had French asked this question? Could it be—that he knew? And what should he, Wilde, answer? If "Yes," what could he say had fallen? If "No," would he give himself away?

With a dreadful feeling of misgiving he realised that he was delaying his reply. Delay would be fatal. He plunged. Nothing had struck the desk.

"I want to be absolutely certain about that, Mr. Wilde," French went on with relentless insistence. "Your definite statement is that while you were in the room between half-past five and six the desk was not struck a heavy blow? Is that correct? Think carefully before you speak."

Wilde, terror-stricken lest a trap should lurk in the question, now wished he had said he had himself fallen against the desk. But it was too late. He dare not reverse his statement.

"I have already said," he declared, striving desperately for composure, "and I now repeat, that nothing struck the desk while I was in the room."

French nodded, paused, and then gathered himself with something suggestive of an animal crouching to spring. "I told you that we had discovered the plan by which the telephone call might have been given some twenty minutes after the murderer had left the room: the beaker and thread and so on?"

"Yes, but that has nothing to do with me," Wilde murmured through dry lips.

"Let me finish," French persisted. "The medical evidence indicates that the deceased struck the desk in his fall. The only question then is—when did he fall?"

Panic was closing down on Wilde. He could not see where this was leading, but there was something utterly terrifying in French's manner. He nodded without speaking. He could not speak.

"Let me tell you what happened just now," French went on. "We, Sergeant Carter and I, had occasion to move the desk. It stuck to the oilcloth, then came free suddenly. The effect on the desk was a sudden shock, much the same as if a body fell on it."

Wilde could only stare helplessly.

"Do you know what happened as a result of that shock? Well, I'll tell you. The pen of the barograph vibrated. It recorded a

tiny vertical line across its ordinary trace. You see?" French paused, then took the photograph from his case and, with a lens, handed it across. "Now here," he went on, "is a photo taken about seven on the evening of the crime. Let us look at the trace of the barograph. What do we find? We find the pen pointing to seven o'clock with the trace leading back from it, every hour being shown on the scale. Across that trace is a vertical line—one vertical line. Since there is only one, it must represent the fall of the body. Now do you see the hour? That line was drawn at just a quarter before six."

There came a slight sound in the ensuing silence. Wilde had fainted.

THE END.



"Let us look at the trace of the barograph. What do we find? We find the pen pointing to seven o'clock, with the trace leading back from it. . . . Across that trace is a vertical line."



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY: A NATIVITY PLAY IN PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

The oldest Nativity plays originated from the elaborations of the Christmas Church Services, and out of them eventually developed the English stage itself. The date of the earliest performances is unknown, but short plays without words formed part of certain English festival services in the tenth century and were included even earlier on the Continent. The "Pastores," or Christmas shepherd plays, were performed regularly in Lincoln Cathedral from 1188-98, by which time many of the Cathedrals and larger churches and monasteries had their Christmas plays, performed by the clergy, whose object it was to interest and instruct the people. The plays were usually acted in the chancel of the church, with the altar for a background; the spectators kneeling or standing in the darkened nave and the choir chanting in the distance.

DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL A. BRODERICK.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY: A MIRACLE PLAY AT ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

The older Nativity play became gradually elaborated into the Miracle or Mystery play, as it was called in France. This picture shows a performance of the "Last Judgment," with "souls" black and white, angels with gilded hair, and a gaping whale's mouth containing fire, to represent Hell. The devils with animals' heads were let loose to run about among the spectators, partly to amuse them and partly as a warning. In the background is the old Norman doorway of Rochester Cathedral, which had just been rebuilt by Henry II. after several great fires. The Cathedral represented Heaven and the abode of the angels. On the Continent the plays became less quickly secularised. In England, Latin was giving place to the common tongue which all could understand, and a humorous element was entering into certain parts of the dialogue.

DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL A. BRODERICK.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY: A PERFORMANCE ON A VILLAGE GREEN.

Owing to the large crowds which collected to see the Miracle plays, damage was often done to the surrounding churchyards, and so the performances took place on village greens and convenient highways instead. Lay performers took the place of the clergy, who now felt that the plays had become more secular than ecclesiastical, though they still lent their support. The plays were now not always performed at Christmas, but on various festival days as well, and the subject matter included stories from the Old Testament as well as the New. Some of the characters were traditionally humorous, as Herod and the Shepherds, and Noah's wife, who argued about entering the Ark. The players were paid according to the importance of their parts; Pilate receiving 4s., but two angels only 4d. each. Here is seen the Presentation in the Temple.

DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL A. BRODERICK.



THE BEGINNINGS OF THE CHRISTMAS PLAY: A MEDIAEVAL CRAFT PLAY AT COVENTRY.

By the middle of the fourteenth century the mediæval crafts or guilds had undertaken the performing of the plays, which were now held in most of the large towns, particularly at Beverley, York, Coventry, Townley, and Guildford. Traditionally, the first craft play, as it was now termed, was performed at Chester in 1328, and by the beginning of the fifteenth century it was a feature of mediæval town life. The whole field of Bible literature was now dramatised, each guild holding itself responsible for one scene. On the stage, in this picture, is Herod, the popular buffoon of the play, interviewing his wise men; while a herald on horseback approaches from the street. The Coventry plays continued in popularity until the end of the sixteenth century, by which time their place had been taken by the legitimate theatre.

DRAWING AND NOTE BY MURIEL A. BRODERICK.



A
LAMENT
FOR A
DOG'S DEMISE.

I.

Who 'll sing his dirge?
"I," said the monkey.
"With my little cape
"I look quite the monk
in my funeral crape;
"I'll sing his dirge."

II.

Who 'll bear the pall?
"We," said the hounds.
"Though we never did like
"His fore-and-aft rig;
still, he was a tyke;
"We'll bear the pall."

III.

Who 'll draw the car?
(The car wherein the chief mourners ride,
Green parrots on top, and a grey one inside)
"We," said the swans. "We admittedly shine,
"As poets aver, in the 'death-hymn' line;
"We'll draw the car."

IV.

Poodle of the shaven rump
And baboon-like, grizzled snout!
Some might dub thee freak and frump
Every decent dog should flout.
"This truth came borne with bier and pall"—
Be shaved both ends, or not at all!

V.

Yet thy mistress deem'd thee fair,
And for thee she weeps in vain,
Poodle, with thine *outré* air,
Answering not her call again.
Wherefore farewell! We share her woe;
Go, poodle, where good poodles go!

C. E. BYLES.



ST. GILES PROTECTING THE HUNTED HIND.

Legend has it that St. Giles, who sacrificed his all for piety, dwelling as a hermit and sustaining life on herbs and on the milk of a heaven-directed hind that went daily to his cave near the mouth of the Rhone, was accidentally wounded by an arrow from the bow of Childeric, King of France, which pierced both his protecting hand and the hind. He refused aid, that he might the better mortify 'the flesh,' and rested maimed. Hence the fact that he is regarded as the patron Saint of cripples.

Both "The Legend of St. Giles" and its companion, "The Mass of St. Giles," are in the National Gallery, by the courtesy of whose authorities we reproduce them. (Copyright Reserved)



ST. GILES ELEVATING THE HOST IN ST. DENIS.

The Saint is seen elevating the Host in the Royal Abbey Church of St. Denis, with Charles "Martel" (683-741) beside him, kneeling, and wearing La Sainte Couronne, one of the three great crowns of the French Royal House, destroyed by the Huguenots in 1567. The picture is the only representation of the splendid Royal Abbey of France in the days of its full magnificence. "The Master of St. Giles" was probably a south-Netherlandish or north-French painter working in France in the 15th century.

"The Mass of St. Giles," presented by the National Art Collections Fund, joined "The Legend of St. Giles" (purchased in 1894) in 1933. Our plate by the "Connoisseur." Copyright Reserved



FROM THE PICTURE BY GILBERT HOLIDAY.

WHY THE 15TH HUSSARS HAVE CAPTURED COLOURS AS A DEVICE.

At Embsdorf, on July 16, 1760, during the Seven Years' War, the 15th Light Dragoons (now the 15th Hussars) charged thrice through the French troops, who included in their ranks two regiments of German mercenaries, defeating five battalions of Foot and taking their colours. As a result, crossed captured colours inverted are marks of distinction on the full-dress saddlecloths of the 15th Hussars. The picture shows a troop of the regiment re-forming after the second charge.

THE AMAZING STORY OF TU-THU'C AND THE LOTUS VISION.

IN the time of Erân, Tu-Thu'c held an official position in Thanh-Hoá. One of the Buddhist pagodas there possessed peonies so very lovely that great crowds came to admire them when in flower. One day a beautiful girl accidentally broke a blossom and was arrested by the bonzes. Tu-Thu'c was moved to pity. Stripping off his brocade robe, he ransomed her from the bonzes with it. Now, Tu-Thu'c's natural inclinations ran towards feasting, making music, and composing verse. He neglected his duties and was often censured by his superiors. Finally, he resigned and returned home. One day, when taking an early morning walk by the sea, he saw a vision resembling a lotus. He entered a boat to investigate and reached a steep mountain, where he disembarked. The cliff opened, to disclose a grotto; but, when he entered, it closed suddenly, leaving him in darkness. Groping about, he found a precipitous path which brought him to the mountain-top. Two women bade him enter a palace, and he found himself in rooms hung with brocade and furnished with beds of jade, palanquins of ivory, and with doors and windows of red lacquer. An Immortal motioned him to sit beside her on a sandal-wood chair and a girl entered.

"This," said the Immortal, "is my daughter, Giăng Hu'ông. When she came to earth, to see the peony bed, you helped her. As a reward, I give her to you in marriage." After the nuptials Tu-Thu'c lived in the palace for a year that seemed but a day. Then he said to Giăng-Hu'ông: "Let me visit my parents for a while, and I will then return." She wept, saying "I will not force you to stay, but those whom you left are changed." Tu-Thu'c's mother-in-law then said: "Your parents will not recall the days of Erân," and gave him a carriage to take him home and Giăng Hu'ông gave him a silken scroll. When Tu-Thu'c arrived on earth he did not recognise the countryside. He told people his name, and one replied: "When I was a child I heard that a man of your name went to the mountains and never returned. But the tale dates from the dynasty of Erân. We live under the Lê Kings." Then Tu-Thu'c understood and would fain have returned to the enchanted palace, but his carriage had become a phoenix, which flew away. He opened the scroll and read: "Your destiny is fulfilled; you have returned to earth and cannot ascend again." Overcome with grief, he retired to the mountain of Hoáng.



Tu-Thu'c Sees a Vision in the Shape of a Lotus and Sets Out For It.

THE TRAGIC STORY OF HÀ-NHẬU-GIÁ AND THE HAMADRYADS.

DURING the reign of King Thái-Tôn, of the Lê Dynasty, a student named Hà-Nhậu-Giá left the prefecture of Thiệu Tru'ông and went to live in the capital of Annam, in order to pursue his studies. One day, on his way back from school, he noticed two beautiful girls in a garden adjoining the headmaster's house. They laughed and called to him, offering him fruit and throwing flowers to him. The student asked them who they were and the girls replied: "We were of the household of the headmaster and are named the Lady Willow and the Lady Peach. Since the headmaster's death we have kept ourselves in maidenly seclusion; but now let us be friends with you."

After this the girls repaired every morning to the garden and visited the student's house in the evening. On the day of the full moon in the first month they invited him to visit them. As there was moonlight all through the night, they laid straw mats in the garden and spread fruit, cakes, wine and rice in honour of their guest. Other girls came to join in the merry-making, introducing themselves as Rose-tree, Plum-tree, Lilac, Pomegranate-tree, Gentian, and Camomile; but just before the break of day all of them vanished!

Months went by and the parents of the student sent for him, that he might be married. He went home, but would not take a wife; and so returned to the capital unwed. There, once more, he spent the days in study and the nights with his friends. One evening he saw the girls in the garden, weeping bitterly. He asked the reason, and they replied: "We have but one more night to live. Soon a wind will arise and we shall die. Take these slippers embroidered with the pearls which are our tears. They will ease your sorrow." In the night, when he heard rain and wind, the student went out to tell his story to an old man, his neighbour. The old man said: "It is twenty years since the headmaster died and his house is deserted. The girls you saw are Hamadryads." And, in the morning, the old man and the student went to the garden. Naught was there but a ruin, and a peach-tree and a willow lying uprooted. "Here are Lady Peach and Lady Willow," said the old man, "and their friends took the names of the trees they animated." Then Hà-Nhậu-Giá understood. He returned home to put on the slippers: but he found that he held only green leaves in his hand.



Hà-Nhậu-Giá, the Student, in the Garden by the Headmaster's House.

THE MIRACULOUS STORY OF KING LÝ-TÁI-TÔ AND LONG-DO.

IN the days of King Y-Tôn, of the Duồng Dynasty, General Cao-Biên was appointed Governor of the country of Annam. He established his headquarters at Dai-La. One day, when he was strolling about in front of the gate of the citadel, he saw five clouds burst out from the earth, with the noble figure of a man, clad in brocade and carrying the golden insignia of a Mandarin, poised in their midst, as though riding the storm. In a few minutes, the vision disappeared. General Cao-Biên imagined that he had seen some dangerous devil, and determined to lay a spell which would be strong enough to protect him from even the worst genii. In a dream the next night, he saw the same vision, and it spoke to him, saying: "I am the Genii Long-Do and am known by the title of Tô-Lich. I congratulate you heartily on your cleverness in having founded the citadel of Dai-La, but you must now plan how you can preserve this notable place." Then, with a mocking smile and a scornful salute, it vanished. When the General Cao-Biên awoke he was filled with wonder and dread over the whole affair and caused a charm to be buried in the ground. So potently was this framed that a thousand pounds of iron went to its making. Throughout all the following night heavy rain fell and a violent wind blew about the place where the charm was buried. The power of its magic faded, the ground sank, and the strong support of the iron melted away. General Cao-Biên, stricken with a great dread, marched away with his armies to the place whence he had come; but the people of the country, delighted at the departure of the foreign governor, and deeply impressed by the power and the supernatural gifts of the Genii, built a noble temple in Long-Do's honour outside the gates of the citadel.

Later on, King Tái-Tô, of the dynasty of Lý, in his turn built a fortress in this place. In a dream, he also saw the Genii who had so wonderfully routed the General Cao-Biên, who spoke these words to him: "I beg of you to reign for ten thousand years so that I may enjoy the scent of incense and the smoke of burnt-offerings." The King awoke and ordered that the service and the offerings which the Genii desired should be duly observed, and he conferred on him the title of "Guardian and Bulwark of the Royal Citadel of the 'Dragon-who-comes-forth.'"

And to this day the temple restored by the order of Lý-Tái-Tô still stands. Men call it the "Pagoda of the White Horse."



General Cao-Biên Sees the Apparition of the Genii Long-Do.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF TÚ-UYÊN AND THE KAKEMONO WOMAN.

TÚ-UYÊN was a highly-gifted orphan of humble birth who made the pursuit of learning his whole occupation. One day the leaf of a tree fell at his feet. It was inscribed with four verses of a poem, and, impressed by this portent of fortune, he looked up and saw a lovely girl. He spoke to her and the two walked to the "Palace of the Spreading Light," where she vanished; and Tú-UYÊN realised that she was an Immortal. Thoughts of her obsessed him until he fell ill with longing, so he invoked the aid of heaven and begged that he might know the future. In a dream, a Genii instructed him to go to the Bridge of Tô-Lich. He hurried there, but saw no one, and was about to return home, disconsolate, when he observed a man selling kakemonos. Unrolling one, he discovered that it bore a portrait of the Immortal whom he sought. When he had hung the kakemono in his room, his sorrow was eased. At mealtimes he set two bowls of rice and two sets of chopsticks and invited the woman in the picture to come to dinner.

One day she smiled in reply and on the following evening, when he returned from college, he found the table ready set with tasty dishes. In order to probe this mystery, he hid, and saw the woman step from the kakemono and come to life. When he revealed his presence and asked who she was, the woman replied: "I am Giáng-Kiêu, dweller in the house of the Immortals. Your virtues enabled us to meet and your love for me has induced the King of Heaven to allow our destinies to join." She then conjured up a house, fully furnished and staffed, and their nuptials were celebrated. But Tú-UYÊN's love for his wife caused him to neglect his studies and to waste his time at home. Giáng-Kiêu reproached him, and, when he failed to heed, vanished. Tú-UYÊN sought her in vain and was about to hang himself, when she reappeared; they renewed their happiness and he followed a better way of life. Years went by, and the son of Tú-UYÊN and Giáng-Kiêu passed the examinations necessary to become a Mandarin. Then Giáng-Kiêu said to her husband: "In this world the span of mortal life is but eighty or ninety years. Your name is on the roll of Paradise, so let us ascend there." Two Hae birds came down and bore them to the sky, and to this day there stands the Temple of Tú-UYÊN built on the site of the house in which he and Giáng-Kiêu lived on earth.



Tú-UYÊN and his Wife, Giáng-Kiêu, Dweller with the Immortals.

The Emperor Who Wore Fetters at His Accession.

(A.D. 820.)

By CAROLA OMAN,

Author of "The Three Escapes of Delphine de Custine," "Crouchback," "The Best of His Family," "Over the Water," etc.

Illustrated by
EDWARD OSMOND.



As he mounted his horse the seer called him back, and, pointing from the threshold to the three officers grouped around him, prophesied that, although their master should never possess the Empire, two of them should. "As for the third, he will be proclaimed, but will not prosper, and will come to destruction."

outside the gates of Constantinople, Michael, turbulent as ever, urged him on, and is even said to have threatened to stab him—"if you obstinately resist the just desires of your fellow-soldiers."

Leo entered the city, welcomed by an acclaiming crowd, and onlookers noted two omens that day. As the newly elected Emperor dismounted to kneel beneath the great image of Christ which surmounted the Brazen Gates of the Imperial Palace, he resigned to Michael his scarlet cloak. Later, Michael, striding after him into the palace, trampled on his skirts. Leo is said to have noticed the second incident, but his future conduct did not betray any lack of confidence in his old comrades. Thomas, a prematurely aged man, limping from a wound, was recalled by him from exile. He stood sponsor to Michael's son, and promoted the man named by prophecy as his successor.

During his reign of seven and a half years the Emperor Leo V. introduced into the civil government all the rigours of military discipline. He had to do battle against Thomas, who led a revolt against him; but when he was warned that Michael, whose conduct became increasingly insolent, was intriguing amongst the greedy and dissatisfied, his only action was to send his old friend a private message to keep a guard on his tongue.

At last, on Christmas Eve, 820, such conclusive evidence of a conspiracy organised by Michael was laid before the Emperor that he was obliged to order an immediate enquiry, at which he presided in person. To his amazement, the proofs of guilt produced were so overwhelming that the accused broke down and admitted his intentions. In his first fury of grief and disillusion, Leo pronounced a terrible sentence. He commanded that the traitor should be cast alive into the furnaces that heated the baths of the Imperial palace.

To both soldiers of fortune, men of obscure birth, bred in camps, possibly the brutal sentence seemed no more than an unsuccessful conspirator's deserts; but the news of it shocked Leo's Empress, a pious and unassuming woman, whose elevation had been mocked by the haughty consort of the last Emperor. Without even pausing to put on her shoes, Theodosia, wife of Leo, leapt from her couch and ran to the justice chamber. She reminded her intimidating husband that to-morrow was Christmas Day, and humbly begged him at least to postpone the execution, so that he should not partake of the Sacrament with hands stained by the blood of his oldest friend.

"Wife," said the Emperor at length, "I know that you are thinking of the welfare of my soul, but you expose my body to great peril. You and our children will see what shall happen. . . ."

With a moody air he granted her request that Michael's life should be spared for twenty-four hours, and ordered that a priest should be admitted to hear the prisoner's last confession. Michael was led to the lowly quarters assigned to palace sweepers, his legs were fettered, and the keys of his chains taken by the Emperor.

During the night Leo, unable to sleep, paid a secret visit to his captive. He discovered Michael fast asleep on his keeper's bed, whilst the keeper

[Continued on a later page.]

THE many enemies of the Emperor Nicephorus accused him of ingratitude, avarice, and hypocrisy. He could, they said, summon tears whenever it was necessary to convince an audience that he was performing an unpopular act unwillingly.

Soon after his accession, one of his generals, who was preparing to head an insurrection against him, rode out, attended by three young officers, to consult an Asiatic seer who lived in a hut near Antioch.

The general, who had entered the hermit's dwelling alone, emerged looking downcast. He had been advised to abandon his designs, as they would lead to the loss of his property and of his eyes. As he mounted his horse the seer called him back, and, pointing from the threshold to the three officers grouped around him, prophesied that although their master should never possess the Empire, two of them should. "As for the third, he will be proclaimed, but will not prosper, and will come to destruction."

All these young men were of humble origin, and owed their present positions to their qualifications in the battlefield. The first, Leo, was, like his leader, an Armenian. He was short and loud-voiced, with thick, curling hair. Michael, the second, a Phrygian, nicknamed "the Stammerer," was Leo's friend. His manners were coarse and brutal. Thomas, eldest of the three, was courteous and urbane—half a Slav and already a rival of Michael.

Cursing the holy man who had prophesied so inauspiciously, the general rode off to persist in his rebellion, which proved unsuccessful. His estates were confiscated, but he was allowed to retire to a monastery in the island of Prote, where one night a band of brigands from the Asiatic shore landed and deprived him of his sight. Nicephorus, who had given the exiled-monk a safe-conduct, wept when he was told of the outrage, and did not leave his bed-chamber for a week, but public opinion was convinced of his complicity. Thomas, who had stood by his general, was banished, and disappeared into Saracenic territory, but Michael and Leo, who had deserted to Nicephorus, were rewarded with high office and palaces in Constantinople.

Ten years later Leo seized the throne. Nicephorus had been slain in battle by the king of the Bulgarians, who had drunk wine from a cup made of the fallen Emperor's skull. A son and a son-in-law had succeeded Nicephorus, but the son had only survived his accession by six months, and the son-in-law, a mild and humane man, had earned his troops' contempt by his want of ability. After a disastrous winter campaign, they marched upon the capital to depose him.

When Leo, now a bronzed and full-bearded man, the foremost general in the Empire and the secret author of the mutiny, appeared to hesitate



THE EMPEROR WHO WORE FETTERS AT HIS ACCESSION.
They bore Michael in triumph from his cell and proclaimed him Emperor. Michael the Stammerer
sat on the Imperial throne . . . with the fetters of a felon still on his legs.



Every night at midnight—and the month was November—she set out laden with a basket of provisions, lighting her steps by the rays of a three-cornered lantern, "The least noise or motion of a leaf" brought her heart into her mouth, as she stumbled over the graves . . .

The Covenanter who hid amongst the Bones of his Ancestors.

By CAROLA OMAN, Author of "The Three Escapes of Delphine de Custine," "Crouchback," "The Best of His Family," "Over the Water," etc.

Illustrated by GORDON NICOLL, R.I.

SIR PATRICK HOME, of Polwarth, and Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, were "connected by the same way of thinking in religion and politics." Both were convinced and outspoken Covenanters. When Sir Patrick heard that Baillie had been arrested in the High Street of Edinburgh, and was lying in the Tolbooth awaiting trial, he longed to communicate with his fellow patriot, but dared not risk a personal visit. He wrote a letter of advice and information, and looked around for a messenger obscure enough to gain admission to the prison without attracting attention, and sufficiently adroit to slip the document into the prisoner's hand, unsuspected.

The Homes lived at Redbraes in Berwickshire, a Border castle, almost equidistant from Duns and Greenlaw, and there, twelve years before, the first of their long family had been born on a Christmas Day. "Little Grisell, the darling and comfort of her parents," was a bright pretty little girl who wrote poetry. Sir Patrick decided to try the bold experiment of despatching the country-bred child on the forty-mile journey to the capital with the essential letter.

How Grisell fared on the rough roads over the Lammermuirs, whether she travelled in a carrier's cart, or on a pony attended by one of her father's servants, she does not detail in the Memoirs of her adventurous life, written many years later by her elder daughter. But she managed to arrive without accident, won or stole her way into the prison, and "succeeded so well," both in delivering and collecting information, "that from that time I reckon her hardships began."

While Sir Patrick was imprisoned for over a year in Dumbarton Castle, Grisell "was the active person that did all" at home. With her teens she fulfilled her early promise of great beauty; she was never to grow tall, but "the life and sweetness in her eyes" made them "very uncommon," her hair was chestnut and her colouring brilliant. From her father she inherited "a turn for mirth and society," for Sir Patrick was no kill-joy Covenanter. He encouraged his children to dance and sing, and play fashionable games, such as backgammon.

Early one morning in 1684, a strange message was brought to Redbraes Castle. A boy delivered a single feather which, he said, came from a lady on the other side of the hills. She had not been able to write, as soldiers had arrived at her house. Sir Patrick knew himself a marked man, for Baillie was now being tried for his life on a charge of complicity in the Rye House Plot, and this time the master of Redbraes had gone to Edinburgh and defended his old friend, to the confusion of some false witnesses. The prisoner had sent for his son from Holland, and in the grim shades of the Tolbooth, George Baillie, a gay law student of nineteen, had met Grisell Home, and, young though they were, it appears to have been a case of love at first sight on both sides.

Sir Patrick who, like many optimists, was a very lucky as well as a very brave man, rightly interpreted the message of the feather as "Fly." When the soldiers arrived at Redbraes that evening, they searched in vain for its owner. He had chosen as his hiding-place a spot which might not have commended itself to someone with weaker nerves and less sense of humour. A mile from the castle stood the parish church of Polwarth-on-the-Green. Sir Patrick was safe underground in his family vault, surrounded by the bones of his ancestors. Not a soul, except his wife, his eldest daughter, and a carpenter, Jamie Winter, knew where he lay.

That night Jamie carried to the burying-place a bed and bed-clothes, and found Sir Patrick perfectly cheerful, although even during the day he could not see to read. The only light and air that entered the vault came from a slit at one of its ends, fortunately invisible from above. Since the castle was garrisoned, Lady Home could not absent herself, so Grisell, who "had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories," was the one who had to carry victuals and drink to the fugitive. Every night at midnight—and the month was November—she set out laden with a basket of provisions, lighting her steps by the rays of a three-cornered lantern. "The least noise or motion of a leaf" brought her heart into her mouth, as she stumbled over the graves, but all her fears now were of the living, not the dead.

She had to contrive so that neither the soldiers nor the servants should notice that food was leaving the castle. The only way in which she could manage this was to load her own plate lavishly at meals, and convey as much as possible of each helping into her lap. One night sheep's head, her father's favourite dish, appeared on the dinner table. Before the younger children had finished their broth she had quietly appropriated most of the second course. Her brother Sandy, looking up, as he laid down his spoon, cried indignantly, "Mother, will ye look at Grisell? While we have been eating our broth she has eat up the whole sheep's head!"

For a month Grisell made her journeys to the vault undetected, and stayed with her father till dawn, entertaining him with the news of the neighbourhood. Nor was she idle at home, for Jamie Winter and she were working every evening, as soon as daylight failed, preparing a fresh hiding-place in the castle itself. Under the floorboards of a disused room, of which Grisell kept the key, they were digging out a cavity. They could not employ pick or shovel, for fear of making a noise, so they scratched out the earth with their hands, and cast it on to a sheet, which Jamie carried out into the garden through a window.

At last, when Grisell's nails were worn to the quicks, she had the happiness of bringing her father home. Sir Patrick stayed in his new retreat for nearly a fortnight, when two disasters arrived simultaneously. The cavity under the floorboards began to fill with water, and news

(Continued on a later page.)



THE COVENANTER WHO HID AMONGST THE BONES OF HIS ANCESTORS.

Sir Patrick himself lost his road on Tweedside, and was nearly overtaken by soldiers, who had missed horses from the stables at Redbraes.



THE GOOD OLD DAYS
OF THE SNOW AND ICE WINTER.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY HENDRIK AVERCAMP IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

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"They couldn't get her warm. . . . She was cold all the next day—I don't mean ordinary cold: her limbs were quite dead, and her teeth chattered. She sat by a fire, with her teeth chattering, and her face quite blue with cold."

COLD IN THE NIGHT.

By MARGUERITE STEEN,

Author of "Matador," "One-Eyed Moon," and "Stallion."

Illustrated by STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.

IT'S a tale that loses something in the telling, of course, because most of you don't know Bethell, that little up-and-at-you North Countryman, with just enough Highland blood in him to put a twist in his common sense. A little, pale chap, small and sour-looking, with a soft, biting voice they say he never raised even when, before they forced his commission on him, he was a sergeant in the Army. After the Germans had done with him, he simply sat down and waited for the next war. Having left a piece of his skull and a couple of ribs in No-Man's Land, he was always thinking about going back to fetch them. A man who hunts John Peel's country with a plate in his head and a couple of missing ribs is either a fool or a hero. No one seems to have come to a conclusion about Rory Bethell.

Rory, by the way, tried to put me off telling this tale.

"What the devil's the good of telling a yarn like that to the general public? You've got to be born on this soil, and live on it—and, perhaps, die on it," muttered Rory, "before you get a glimmering of—those things. And besides, it's got no ending. You can't slam that nonsense about the pipe in their faces, and expect them to be satisfied."

I was inclined to agree with him.

"There's an idea now, among editors, that ghost-stories are—well, they're unfashionable," I ended lamely. Characteristically, he chose to fly out at me for this.

"I suppose ghosts are unfashionable! By James, if an editorial regret could lay a few of the local spooks, I'd agree with them. If some of those blasted Fleet Street fellows had the job of agent in this part of the world for six months, they'd perhaps shut up about fashion. Unless they chose to deny the plain evidence of their senses."

I must say my sympathies were with Rory. After the Armistice he had fallen—rather luckily, we thought—into the job of agent for the considerable estate of Lamberton Castle, Lord Lowca's place on the Cumberland-Westmorland border. It was a type of work for which, by temperament and ability, he was pre-eminently fitted. Lowca was by way of being an absentee landlord, which meant that a lot of responsibility fell upon Rory, who had, in the main, a free hand in dealing with it. It looked like money for jam; Rory was the type of man who is constitutionally incapable of working under control other than his own, and to whom difficulties of all sorts are simply welcomed as a challenge

to his powers of overcoming them. On the strength of his appointment he got married, to a very pretty, attractive girl whose tastes and antecedents were similar to his own. Without bothering to take a look at their barometer, any of the Bethells' friends would have prophesied "set fair" for that couple.

I was a little surprised, when I got an invitation to stay with them, about a year after they were married, to find them living in a little old foursquare house, which I knew, having visited Lamberton fairly often in the days of Rory's predecessor, was not the one allotted to the agent. Rory was rather short, I thought, when I commented on it; but there was not time to go into the matter any further, because Stella herself came to the door to welcome us, and it was like paradise, after a fifteen-mile drive in an open tourer on a November afternoon, to see the firelight leaping about one of those beautiful square halls that are a feature of architecture in this part of the world.

By the time we had gathered for pre-dinner drinks, I was definitely prepossessed with my surroundings. My bedroom, although enormous, was well warmed; Stella had found some excellent reproduction stuff to drape the Queen Anne four-poster. The panelled walls had been painted cream, which Rory denounced, rightly, as an act of vandalism; but one could not help feeling that they, and the white carpet, lent an air of agreeable lightness to a room which, with its heavy, mullioned windows and uneven oak beams, might have been a trifle forbidding. I complimented Stella when she joined us in the drawing-room, where a log fire was blazing half-way up the old-fashioned wide chimney.

"You've certainly brought civilisation into our barbaric North, Stella! Queer, when you're a North-Countrywoman yourself."

"Oh, we didn't put in central heating," she said carelessly, as though she herself didn't think much of it. "It was the former tenants, who spent on improvements what they saved on the rent."

"By the way," I said, seeing no reason why the subject should be avoided, now we were gathered pleasantly round the fire, with most other topics of conversation, for the moment, exhausted. It's generally like that when one hasn't met people for some time; one rushes at everything at once, and then there's a kind of hiatus, until someone starts the real talk, of which the preliminaries are only, so to speak, the froth. "You haven't told me how you come to be settled here, instead of at the Lodge. I thought this was let—some people called Odlam—that's what I'd heard."

There was an odd little pause, during which I saw Stella look at him with a flicker of a smile on her lips, before Rory replied. "The Odlams are at the Lodge; they liked it better," he said, shortly. Stella laughed outright—I don't blame her. Rory being discreet is like a cow trying to walk across a pile of eggs without breaking any.

"Go on, Rory! Why shouldn't Henry know? The Odlams got out for—well, for the usual reasons."

"Ghosts?" I said, draining my glass. It's queer how casually one uses words like that up at Lamberton; words which, in town, would raise sceptical grins, plain laughter, or cries of "How perfectly too gorgeous! You don't mean *ghosts*, do you?" For us, at Lamberton, all ghosts are real. The unreal things are, sometimes, the human beings who come in contact with them.

"It's perfect rot!" burst out Rory. "I don't mind telling you, Henry, there's a pretty considerable feud on between me and Odlam on account of it. It's not as if he'd been hoodwinked into taking the place. 'There is a ghost,' I told him, when we were talking things over"—Stella gave another hoot of laughter—"but it won't give you the least trouble if you do as you're told." In fact, I put it to him pretty plainly it was sheer gratuitous prying into the dentistry of a gift-horse if he turned Byres down on account of one second-floor bedroom."

"Which I suppose I'm occupying for the night," I said resignedly. "No, you aren't," cut in Stella. "We've locked the other room up; and if the Odlams had done as Rory told them—"

"Why didn't they?"

"Why are people fools? I wish I'd landed Odlam a good kick in the pants—"

"Didn't you?" I was surprised, knowing Rory, whose lack of long-suffering where fools are concerned is notorious.

"He would have done," said Stella, "if the Odlams' notice hadn't come at the same time as one of Lowca's snooty letters. I suppose he was feeling mad at the time—Lowca, I mean—because Rory had written the week before to tell him the Pearsons and the Rabbidges were giving up their houses at the end of the quarter. Rory knew Lowca would just about go off the deep end if he lost the Byres tenants; so he offered to change houses—he said the Odlams could have Lamberton Lodge at the same rent they were paying for this. The Lodge is new—at least, it was built in 1860: that's new, for these parts. They're quite satisfied now, aren't they, Rory?"

"What raised the wind on them?" I enquired, thinking that Rory must have had some pretty stiff reason for offering his extremely nice house, which he had, of course, rent free, in exchange for Byres. He turned peevish, however, and, beyond grunting something about "Dam' silly nonsense," was not to be drawn. It was Stella who enlightened me, after dinner, when Rory had had to go out to some committee or other, and we were left alone.

"It started with their asking a niece to stay with them."

"Not the Blandish girl? The rather good-looking, tall one?"

"Yes; Audrey. Do you know her?" Stella's tone grew warm with curiosity; she is always hopeful when I speak appreciatively—no matter how slight the appreciation—of any young woman.

"Slightly. You don't tell me a ghost put the wind up Audrey Blandish?" I was now completely sceptical. Audrey Blandish was one of those six-foot, modern young women whom I, as a rather under-sized man, strongly object to. I had met her at a Hunt breakfast; a big, blonde, cheerful sort of person, with a booming laugh and rather good, gingery hair. Not a person to see ghosts, or to fear them if she saw them.

"I don't know about putting the wind up. She was cold in the night."

"Why? Weren't there enough blankets?"

"It seems she rushed out on the landing and screamed to Mary Odlam—"

"What? That there weren't any blankets?"

"They couldn't get her warm," said Stella seriously. "It's really a bit odd, Henry. She was cold all the next day—I don't mean ordinary cold: her limbs were quite dead, and her teeth chattered. She sat by a fire like this one, with her teeth chattering, and her face quite *blue* with cold. And it was in the summer; they weren't having fires—they just had one lit for Audrey."

"Well, did she go on being blue, and chattering?"

"They sent for Doctor Threlkall. He said, of course, that she'd got a chill; but the queer thing was she hadn't a vestige of a temperature. She was put into your room—"

"Why wasn't she, to begin with?"

"Because she insisted on having the other. She's that kind of fool—the Odlams are Southerners, you know," said Stella contemptuously. "It's no good talking to them. It's quite a nice room, you know—they had it redecorated when they came in. It's the only bedroom that is papered—"

"Well, didn't she say anything?" I interrupted. "What made her cold? Didn't she say anything about that?"

"She practically didn't speak for the first two days," admitted Stella. "Then she just said she was *cold*. She got up and put her fur coat over the eiderdown, but it didn't seem to make any difference. But she could feel her legs getting numb, and, all of a sudden, she was terrified. Can you imagine Audrey Blandish terrified?"

"Not easily. Anything to account for it?" Rory, I knew, had the history of all the houses on the estate pretty well taped.

"Nothing whatever, so far as we know. One of the Georgian Lowcas—I think it was George the Third—built Byres as a kind of dower-house. There's no record of anything unpleasant in connection with it, although, of course," she added with a laugh, "it comes under the heading of 'dwellings with inexplicable phenomena.'—I wish I knew which of the Lowca agents invented that priceless designation! Rory has a list, you know, with particulars of the 'phenomena' all written out in the most beautiful copper-plate hand; but not a word about Byres excepting 'second-floor bedroom number 3 possibly haunted.' Lowca always insists upon tenants being told the worst before the houses are taken."

"Let's have a look at the phenomenal room," I suggested, on the impulse of the moment. I said it partly to see whether Stella was bluffing. She rose, however, readily enough, and we went upstairs.

Anything less ghostly than the "possibly haunted" chamber could hardly be imagined. The one I was sleeping in had much more "atmosphere" than the slightly ramshackle chamber into which she ushered me. It was the lumber she had piled into it which gave it the ramshackle air; actually, it was a room of noble proportions, like my own, but lacking the beamed ceiling, and papered in a light, modern style, at variance with Stella's odds and ends of furniture. She and Rory had a passion for the antique. "Of course, if we'd been using it, we'd have had the paper off," she explained. "There's panelling underneath. Aren't people Goths?"

I did not offer to occupy it; I had little curiosity about ghosts, having been bred among them, and liked my present quarters too well. When we returned to the fire, Rory had come in. It may have been only my fancy, that he gave Stella and me rather a queer look. She told him, carelessly, where we had been. He grunted something, and there was a silence, which Stella broke by asking if we should play cards.

"Look here," broke out Rory. "I'm going to sleep up there to-night." We both thought he had gone crazy. "I wanted to before," he said, turning to Stella. "But I didn't like to leave you by yourself on that floor. With Henry here, it's a good opportunity—"

"Don't be silly, darling," said Stella, and, again, it may have been my fancy that detected—well, not a tremor, but an unevenness in her voice. Stella had a peculiarly smooth way of speaking; in some way she contrived almost to equalise her syllables; it was odd—and rather attractive. "You know I shouldn't have minded being alone, if I'd known you wanted to sleep up there. But why this sudden curiosity about Audrey Blandish's ghost?"

"Damn Audrey Blandish. If it was her ghost, she could keep it. It's *my* ghost, in *my* house; and there must be some pretty good reason why every servant who comes to us refuses to sleep in. If you ask me, that's what cleared Odlam out. Mrs. O was scared of the ghost, but what Odlam minded was having to get his own whisky after eight o'clock in the evening. Besides," said Rory artfully, "if we're going to have a crowd here for Christmas, we may want to use that room. We can't put guests into it, so I may as well find out if there's any reason for not occupying it ourselves. Any real reason," he added, making a joke of it. "I don't see us losing our sleep for any Lady Jane or Lord Charles who has a fancy for walking about at midnight with their heads under their arms!"



Well, we got him downstairs, and into my room . . . He was incapable of moving, as a man is incapable whose limbs are frozen after a night in the snow.

Well, to cut a long story short, we helped Stella to clear the bed of the lumber that was piled on it, and Rory himself lit the fire. Besides the blankets, we put a fur rug over the bed, which was amply warmed with five or six hot-water bottles (the mattresses, which were taken from another room, were well aired); and enough fuel was carried up to heat the room until the following mid-day. Just before he said good-night, between one and two in the morning—we stayed downstairs gossiping until Stella began to yawn—he showed me something he did not show Stella: the automatic which he had slipped into his pocket. "Damned rot, of course," he said, with that Rory grin which is half a sneer. "As though a bullet meant anything to those others! But one gains a certain amount of self-confidence if one lets fly at something one doesn't understand."

I suppose I ought to have lain awake, in sympathy; as a matter of fact, the strong northern air and my long journey from town had me asleep almost before my head touched the pillow. I awoke to someone shaking my shoulder.

A thin, pale grey of dawn was lying about the room, when I opened my eyes, and, rather stupidly, did not immediately recognise Stella. "What the devil—" I was grunting, when she gave me another shake. This time I came fully "to," and a glance at her face filled me with the guilty assurance that she, at least, had not slept. Her face was thin and grey, with dark rings under the eyes.

"Henry! Rory hasn't come down."

"Well, was he expected to? Isn't it possible he's sleeping—as I was a minute ago?" I said, on a note of mild reproach.

"I've called him," she said; "twice. He hasn't answered."

"My dear! You might have called me fifty times over—"

"Rory sleeps like a cat," she said scornfully. "A pin dropping wakes him. I wish you'd go up, and see if every-

thing's—all right." I wondered, a trifle ungallantly, as I fumbled for my dressing-gown, why she hadn't been up herself; then, as I came more fully awake, it struck me that Stella, who had had no fears by night, was afraid, in the cold dawn light, to mount the stairs that led to the upper floor. I roared "Rory!" twice as I went up myself, and I will admit to being a little shaken when nothing but the echo of my own voice, and Stella's whisper from the foot of the stairs—"My God!"—came back to me.

Rory was in bed; at first I thought he was sleeping. Then, for a ghastly moment, I thought he was dead. Only in dead men have I seen that straining of the facial bones, as though they might at any moment break through the thin, translucent web of flesh which appears to be dragged over them. His left arm and hand lay out on the coverlet; the right was doubled, and the hand thrust under the pillow, in an attitude of rather horrible impotence, as though Rory had, at the last moment, been prevented from doing something. The exposed hand looked queer, flattened, as though a heavy weight had lain on it; the fingers were dead white, as one's fingers go after driving on a cold day. I suppose my voice, when I said "Rory," for the third time, sounded strange; for he opened his eyes, and his lips twisted back from his teeth, which were locked together: one could see the muscles knotted in his jaw.

"Sh-she was r-r-right—it's d-d-damned cold!"

Well, we got him downstairs, and into my room—Stella's fire was out, but my grate still held a few embers, which were soon coaxed into a blaze. He was incapable of moving, as a man is incapable whose limbs are frozen after a night in the snow. We spent the day in trying to thaw him; but the more hot-water bottles we packed round his back, stomach and sides, the colder he seemed to grow. Stella and I brewed a terrific whisky-toddy, and somehow got a little of it between his teeth. He did not sleep for two nights, and we took it in turns to sit with him, renewing the bottles, and giving him hot stuff at frequent intervals.

The only thing he had to add to Audrey Blandish's story, when he recovered enough to talk, which was on the third day, was that, when the room started to get cold, he had an idea there was someone there, watching him. He saw nothing, but he could swear the person, whoever it was, was between him and the door. He put up his hand to get the automatic, which he had slipped under the pillow, and, before he could draw it, a heavy weight had come across his chest and the upper part of his body, pinning it uselessly to the bed. Presently, he said, it had dragged itself invisibly across him, and when it was gone, he found himself unable to move, as if the thing had fossilised him with its own infernal chill.

A queer yarn; from anyone but Rory one would not have accepted it—even with Audrey Blandish's corroborative evidence. Rory and Audrey; a pretty formidable combination. Audrey, because she was

the kind of thoroughly insensitive person who would never admit the existence of anything that transcends human experience ("I bet she's invented an explanation of the whole thing by now," said Rory sourly, when I remarked on this. "In six months' time she'll have persuaded herself she dreamt the whole thing"); and Rory, because that Highland blood of his added to his grim, pugnacious make-up the dubious gift known as second sight. His experience had gone further than Audrey's. I think, later on, he was a little jealous because my experience went farthest of the lot.

I want to make it perfectly clear there was not the smallest flicker of heroism in the combination of circumstances which led to my sleeping in what we all called "the other room." I had no desire to check Rory's account; his word was good enough for me, and Rory himself had had enough—at any rate, for the present. They both urged me to extend my visit; Stella's father, for whom I have a weakness, was coming up for a day's shooting. I nobly gave up my own room, as most suitable for an elderly and distinguished visitor, and moved into the smaller and less comfortable guest-room, from which the mattresses had been taken on the night Rory elected to sleep upstairs.

We had got back after a day's good shooting, and were spreading ourselves in front of the fire, when Stella called Rory out of the room. A few minutes later, Mr. Squire said he'd go and have a bath, and I wandered into the hall, thinking I'd at any rate get out of my wet tweeds, while waiting for the bath to be at liberty, when Rory met me, looking, I thought, a little sheepish.

"I say, Henry; a sickening *contretemps*; the cistern above your room's burst. One of the servants found your things in a devil of a slop, and the bed soaked through—"

I suppose I murmured some fatuity about "What a fag for Stella"; the implications of the business did not immediately strike me.

"I'm terribly sorry, old man. But we've rung up the Arms, and they say they can fix you quite comfortably for the night," went on Rory. There was a pause, in which we eyed each other.

"Oh, I see; well, I suppose that's the only thing to do—sorry to make so much trouble," I was beginning, when Rory clapped me on the shoulder.

"I was afraid you'd make difficulties—insist on sleeping in the other room, or some such rot." He sounded relieved. I laughed.

"Good Lord, no! There's none of that brand of heroism about me," I told him. Even as the words left my lips I knew, and Rory told me afterwards that he knew, that, for some devilish reason, I'd sleep in "the other room" after all.

The Lamberton Arms is at the other side of the park from Byres; you can either drive round by the main road, which is a matter of four or five miles, or there is a complicated system of little footpaths, which will get you there in twenty minutes, if you are sure of the way.

When Mr. Squire, coming into the hall for cocktails, chattily remarked: "A devil of a fog coming up," Rory and I just exchanged glances. He chose a minute when Stella was talking to her father to mutter: "Would you like me to drive you now, old thing, before we're landed?" I shook my head, although there was a prickle down the back of my neck. It would have looked so damn silly, and would have meant explanations to Mr. Squire, who, besides not knowing about "the other room," was looking forward to bridge after dinner. "Well, it's your funeral," Rory cheerfully assured me.

"You'll have to sleep on the drawing-room couch," said Stella, later on, when the thickening of the fog had confirmed our apprehensions. No one but a fool would have taken a car out, or attempted the footpath across the park, in the circumstances. I demonstrated my different brand of folly by saying: "Couch be damned, Stella! I hate couches, and I've made up my mind to sample Rory's lodging for to-night."

I do not know what made me say it, or stick to my decision against all her remonstrances. Rory, when she told him, was furious, but none of us could say much, because of the presence of Mr. Squire. He had to wait for his bridge, after all, because Stella went up to get the room ready, and I followed, to help her.

There was nothing about the other room to cause misgivings, when I turned in. Rory came up, while I was undressing, and went for me, hammer-and-tongs. We couldn't have a real row, because his father-in-law's room was immediately underneath. Then he announced his intention of keeping me company. I refused—out of bravado, I admit it. I knew I had been a fool, and I was now bound, in my own opinion, to see it through.



I had just time to make some movement—heaven knows how feeble—to raise the weapon . . . when the thing seemed to topple forward.

"Well, there's the automatic, anyhow," were Rory's parting words. "And for God's sake don't be a blithering fool, like I was—keep it in your hand, and try not to go to sleep." I could have laughed at the final injunction. I knew that, whatever else came my way, sleep would not be my visitor—at any rate, until dawn was well in the sky.

The room was very warm, the fire having been lit and the windows closed since shortly after dinner. We had played cards until after two. With firelight and lamplight, and Stella's noble efforts to "clear up" (she had insisted upon removing most of the lumber), it looked really inviting. I had put a couple of books by the bed, which was lavishly heaped with bedclothes—a not too agreeable reminder of what the night might bring forth.

I decided—naturally, I think—not to put out the light. Getting into bed, I lit a cigarette, laid the automatic close to my right hand, and picked up one of the books. I will not pretend I felt calm, or undisturbed, or anything but most damnably afraid. The best I could do was to put as good a face as possible on the situation. But I could have kicked myself for refusing—out of sheer pig-headedness—Rory's offer to share my vigil. I must have been reading nearly an hour, when the first hint of chill came. The fire, which I had banked up when I got into bed, was still roaring up the chimney, and my water-bottles were hot, but I myself felt cold. The realisation of this set my heart pounding, and for two pins—I am aware I am not showing myself in a heroic light, but the truth happens to be important—I'd have leapt out of bed and yelled for Rory. I was kept there only by my shamed recollection of how different Rory's conduct had been in my place.

It may not strike the reader that there is anything particularly horrible about lying in bed, getting colder every minute. It is not an uncommon experience, in a strange bed on a winter's night. But there was something unholy, almost obscene, about this coldness. It started, not with one's outer person, but within one, in one's very depths; when I felt as though my very stomach and intestines were turning, not to the clean coldness of ice, but to some loathsome and clammy plasm that moved about my interior, I received a positive shock to find, on touching my own arm, that the surface of my flesh was still reasonably warm. It did not long remain so, however; and presently the fear laid hold on me, that my fingers were going too dead to control the automatic, which I had picked up as soon as I became aware of the chill.

As though I myself were its generating centre, I could now feel the cold spreading about the room, and presently noticed a curious phenomenon. Everyone has noticed how, on a frosty night, the rays of the street lamps are broken into millions of little sparkling threads, that radiate from the core of light and form a penumbra with an iridescent circle, mainly greenish in colour, at their extremity. When I saw that the lamp was doing this, I knew it was not my imagination: that the room was really very cold indeed.

It was at this point that I became aware of something standing on my left. Became aware is the correct expression, because I could not, at first, see it. How much of my imagination gave it, later, its dimensions, I could not say. It dawned on me, if one may put it that way, gradually, as a figure about the height of a tallish man, but at no moment did it define itself clearly as a human shape. One might say it was coffin-like, if this were not to call too obviously upon the laws of mental association to make it acceptable as a definition. As I stared at it, it seemed to move a little towards me.

This was the moment when, if my body had not gone back on me, I should have used the automatic. I had just time to make some movement—heaven knows how feeble—to raise the weapon (let me at least say that, though terrified, it was not fear that weakened me; my right hand was absolutely dead—as it remained for another forty-eight hours), when the thing seemed to topple forward. I heard myself give some sort of a little squeak as it dropped across me; not, at first, as a dead weight, but gradually increasing its pressure, so that, through all the coverings which Stella had provided, I could feel, not only its human shape, but its cold. I have no idea how long it lay there, before, with a heavy, dragging movement, it drew itself across me and dropped, with a kind of muffled bump, on the floor on the other side of the bed.

That I did not imagine this is proved by Mr. Squire's saying to Stella, rather testily, when she went in with his morning paper (he always breakfasted in bed when he stayed with the Bethells): "I wish to God you'd tell Henry not to read heavy books at night; or put them down before he goes to sleep. I was nearly shot out of my skin when the confounded thing fell down about five minutes after I'd dropped off."

I don't know how much of me remained to make further observation; some still active lobe of my brain registered the thing's passage across the room until it came to the wall, where, in the traditional fashion, it proceeded to vanish. I suppose now it wasn't heroism that kept Rory in his bed until I went up in the morning. I found myself, when it had gone, incapable of moving a finger. I was no longer locked into immobility with the cold; on the contrary, my body soon ached with the long shivers that rattled the bed under me. After a while, I became too exhausted even to shiver.

I don't remember their finding me; nor do I remember much about the measures they took to revive me. They were both very kind, considering what a fool I'd been, and Rory, at any rate, frankly envious when I was able to tell him what I had seen. Mr. Squire had gone by the time I was about again: very mystified, said Stella, about my extraordinary "chill," and full of recommendations to take this and do that. "A young



After about a quarter of an hour's tearing and scratching, we had laid bare a little square cupboard door.

fella like that oughtn't to be laid up with an hour or two in the wet," was his covertly contemptuous reference to our previous day's shooting. I have never quite lived this down; Mr. Squire still regards me, I'm afraid, as a weakling.

Frankly, I had no desire to discuss the matter any further; I was content to write it down inexplicable—a form of dismissal that comes natural enough to those born and bred in this strange country. But Rory, somewhat to my surprise, reopened the subject, one afternoon when Stella was playing golf.

"Do you know the exact spot where that—er—thing vanished, Henry? I mean, could you show me just where it happened?"

"I suppose I could." I had no desire again to cross the threshold of "the other room," but, without appearing a poltroon, it was difficult to refuse. We went upstairs, and I showed Rory, as nearly as I remembered, where the disappearance, or evaporation, or whatever it was, took place. And Rory, of course, started tapping. This, of course, is the place where, if it was fiction, the grand dramatic climax would come along. You will, I hope, remember that it is the sober truth; and also remember my warning, and Rory's objection that the story has no proper ending.

For a moment it looked as if we were going to have our climax. Rory tapped a bit, tapped again, and cried out to me: "Have you a knife, Henry?" When I produced it, he stabbed it into the wallpaper, which gave, as though a space lay behind it; and after about a quarter of an hour's tearing and scratching, we had laid bare a little square cupboard door. We grinned to think how sick Stella would be, to have missed the moment of discovery, and I, at least, fully expected we should find a part of a skeleton, or a blood-stained dagger, or some other trifle witnessing to the deed of darkness which had set a phantom adrift in Byres Hall.

And we found—an old clay pipe!

As anti-climax to all our experiences, I think you will agree this could hardly be beaten. It was not thinkable that a ghost should make so much fuss for an old churchwarden pipe, obviously the property of some peaceful, Georgian tenant who, as Rory observed, probably had had to sneak up there to indulge his harmless vice unbeknown to a censorious lady.

I refused flatly Rory's invitation to sit up another night with him to see if the ghost was exorcised, but shortly after my return to town I had a note from him:

"All the trouble seems to be over! I've been sleeping in 'the other room' nearly a week now—Stella having gone to pay a visit to her sister. Not a sign! So we may take it the pipe was the root of the trouble. I'd hate to think of you or I carrying on like that, after we've passed on, over a stray packet of Player's one of us has left in a drawer!"

THE END.

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VAT 69

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This is a vintage advertisement for VAT 69 Scotch Whisky. The background is a solid dark blue. In the upper half, the words 'VAT 69' are printed in large, light blue, serif capital letters. Below this, 'SCOTCH WHISKY' is printed in smaller, light blue, sans-serif capital letters. On the left side, a large, dark glass bottle of VAT 69 whisky is shown at an angle. The bottle has a red foil-wrapped neck with a gold seal that reads 'ESTABLISHED 1863'. A red wax seal is also visible on the neck. The main label on the bottle features the words 'VAT 69' in large, white, serif capital letters. To the right of the bottle, a miniature figure of Santa Claus in a red suit with white trim and a white beard is walking on a grey and white checkered floor. He is carrying a large brown sack over his shoulder. In the bottom right corner, the phrase 'Quality Tells-' is written in a white, cursive script.



So they quarrelled . . . And after these quarrels, Matthew would go to the club and lose a packet at bridge, and Joy would go out dancing.

CHRISTMAS FOR PATRICK.

By LADY TROUBRIDGE,

Author of "The Marriages of Georgia," and "The Brighthavens at Home."

Illustrated by A. K. MACDONALD.

IT was to be a friendly divorce, the parting of Matthew and Joy Standish, but any divorce is about as friendly as an east wind, and has much the same chilling effect, only hearts get nipped instead of fingers. Incompatibility, they called it, but it was really the New Creed in which Joy believed, and to which Matthew subscribed—or thought he did.

It ran something thiswise:

"I believe in living where I like, as I like, how I like, and I believe in knocking down any barriers between my important self and the wonderful life I want, and mean to have."

If they had both wanted the same life, there wouldn't have been much harm in the Creed, but Joy's wonderful life could only be lived in the four-mile radius which bounds Mayfair; and Matthew's life was only fulfilled at Green Gables. Difficulty number one; and, of course, neither of them would give in. It would be cowardly to do that, old-fashioned, and stupid.

So they quarrelled. No loud unseemly wrangles these, but clipped sentences full of utter scorn. And after these quarrels, Matthew would go to the club and lose a packet at bridge, and Joy would go out dancing, most with Rupert Blair, that rich young cosmopolitan who lived between Paris and London, and worked hard at enjoying himself.

And because of all these things, the breach widened and deepened between Joy and Matthew, and the more their friends tried to patch it up, the worse it became. But twice this year they had called a truce in order to present a united front to Patrick David John Standish, aged ten, when he returned from his prep. school.

At Easter, Matthew had given up his golf and stayed in London, and in the summer holidays Joy went reluctantly to Green Gables, and they stuck it out somehow, for Patrick's sake. Yet, after the summer holidays, even this frail link couldn't hold them together any longer, and then it was that lawyers got busy, and letters flew between Lincoln's Inn and Lowndes Street at six-and-eightpence a time.

Matthew took the blame, of course, and was generous enough, but those letters, with their financial details, their apportioning of their household goods, were not pleasant, and fomented the bitterness until the east wind became a blizzard. By the time the lawyers had finished, the undefended case of J. Standish v. M. Standish was down for hearing in the Hilary term, and the Standishes, of course, were living apart, and looked the other way if they met each other in the street.

They had arranged about Patrick. He was to spend six months of the year with each parent, and this awkward Christmas with his grandmother for, so far, neither had dared to tell him the state of affairs, because Patrick was a difficult boy to explain a thing like this to. He had inherited his parents' determination to have things exactly as he wanted, and, of course, he would want his father and his mother and his home at Green Gables, of which he was inconveniently fond. And what Patrick wanted, he thought he ought to have.

So Joy's mother, frail, delicate gallant Lady Bellinger, had stepped into the breach. She would not only have Patrick to stay with her in Bournemouth for the holidays, she would tell him all about it, in her tactful, Edwardian way.

"As much as a child should be told, my dear, though you mustn't expect me," she wrote to Joy, "to say anything against Matthew. I'm still too fond of him, and I disapprove of the whole business. You were happy enough at your wedding," the spidery handwriting went on, "and proud enough of your Matt, and I can't see that anything much has changed since then. You are not the only woman who has to make sacrifices to keep the peace. Your father was self-willed, and I had a great deal to put up with from him sometimes, but he died thinking me the most wonderful woman in the world, and there's something in that, as you'll find out one day."

Rather a difficult letter to answer, and Joy tore it into little bits. "How tiresome mother is," she said, but she couldn't do without her, and Lady Bellinger took advantage of that.

It was the twentieth of December when the blow fell, the exact day when Mr. Mark's school disbanded for the Christmas holidays, filling several carriages of a train with small, excited boys in tweed suits. Joy received a letter by the early post that morning, a letter which made her bite her red underlip and threw her into a small panic.

It was from Lady Bellinger's faithful maid, and there was one from the doctor at Bournemouth as well. Lady Bellinger, it appeared, had had a very slight heart attack. Nothing to cause any alarm, and better for Mrs. Standish not to go down there, but, unfortunately, it quite precluded her receiving her grandson for Christmas, as arranged.

And that was that.

After the first moment of anxiety, Joy inevitably thought of herself, and the wonderful plan she had arranged. She was going to Paris to stay with Sadie de Lavos. Rupert would have been there, and though she

couldn't see much of him just now, still, in Paris they could have met and settled things, and Rupert, she supposed, would be her future, now. But the present difficulty was Patrick.

In a few hours Patrick would be in the house, asking endless questions which could not be answered, asking for his father. . . . And, instead of putting him in the train for Bournemouth, she would have to deal with him single-handed.

Suddenly Joy sat up in her gold bed, and pushed back her fair hair. Why shouldn't Matthew help? This awkward situation belonged as much to him as to herself. He certainly *should* help her through it, in spite of everything. Before she could weaken, she decided to get in touch with Matthew at his club.

Picking up the hand telephone, gilded to match her room, Joy dialled Black's Club, and waited while an impersonal voice told her that Captain Standish was staying there, and enquired who wished to speak to him.

"Er . . . Mrs. Standish." After that there was a long pause. Then Matthew's voice at last, polite, surprised.

"That you, Joy? . . . Anything wrong . . . ?" Then, more urgently. "Patrick all right?"

"Yes; but mother can't have him for Christmas. I don't know what on earth to do, my plans are all fixed up."

"What's your idea? That I should take him?"

"Well, I thought you could think of something. I can't tell him at Christmas, he'll be so upset."

Joy's voice had an impatient ring, but there was pleading in it too. Matthew knew so well that impatience of Joy's when things went wrong, but it was the pleading he answered.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Matthew, "if you don't want him to guess. You must put off your plans; whatever they are, and I'll put off mine, and between us we must make some sort of Christmas for the boy."

The Paris plan dissolved before her like a blown bubble.

"M—m—m," said Joy into the telephone, "but it's awkward," she added, "with—with things as far on as they are."

Her lawyers had been very insistent that there should be no meetings until the case came on, and then there were all their London friends. If they should know. . . .

"I'll make it easy," that polite, indifferent voice promised. "Clear off early, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps we needn't be seen together. Anyhow, there'll be hardly anybody in London. It's an awful bore, but I think we're for it."

"I suppose so. Well, you'll turn up some time."

The receiver at Joy's end suddenly dropped, because at that moment Patrick David John burst into the room, pressed a cold, rosy face to Joy's and said:

"Saunders says Granny can't have me. I'm jolly glad. Sorry about her heart, of course," he added perfunctorily. "Poor old Gran. She won't die, will she, Mum?"

"Of course not," Joy was shocked.

"Then that's all right."

He looked round the room with relish. Then his eyes came back to her face. "Why didn't either of you meet me at the station?" he demanded. "Where's Dad?"

"He'll be round presently."

How glad she was to be able to say that. A good thing she had had that telephone conversation with Matthew. Even now an expression of doubt was growing in Patrick's round, pale-blue eyes.

"Has he gone out? D'you know, Mum, I've been up since six. It was a rag rushing about to catch that train, even though Matron had packed our things last night."

Joy, nodding, had time to think out a convenient lie.

"Daddy's staying at his club," she explained carelessly, "because I'm going to have his dressing-room painted, and—and—altered."

Patrick digested this. "What a swiz!" he said ruefully, but after a bit he accepted the unpleasant fact, as ten-year-olds do accept the unreasonable actions of grown-ups. Then his eyes looked at the figure in the gold bed. "You'd better get up quick, Mum," he admonished her, "because, as soon as Daddy comes, I want us all to go out Christmas shopping."

"Us?" said Joy.

"Us three," said Patrick firmly.

The awkwardness of the morning culminated at Horringer's Stores. There had been the blank look of the parlour-maid when she told her mistress, Captain Standish was in the drawing-room; the simulated heartiness of Matt's greeting under Patrick's eyes; the strained conversation in the taxi, when they both acted for Patrick's benefit—all awkward. But at last they were in the vast aisles of the Oxford Street shop of Patrick's choice, and with a hand on Patrick's shoulder, Matthew was cleaving a way through the crowd, Joy following him.

"Don't come, Mum, for a moment," whispered Patrick, his whole manner expressing the word "secrets."

"He's going to buy me a present," thought Joy, and she lingered tactfully by the perfumery counter.

Patrick had settled on handkerchiefs as an appropriate gift for his mother, and he proceeded determinedly to the counter where they hung, his leather purse clutched in one hand, his pale-blue eyes absorbed. But when he took in the bewildering variety and confusion of those coloured scraps, his confidence failed. He turned to the tall man who knew his mother's taste so much better than he did.

"Which would *she* like?" he asked in a hissing whisper.

His father did not fail him.

"These," he said, pointing to a box of soft yellow-bordered handkerchiefs which bore "J" in their corner.

"Those?" Patrick looked surprised. "But it's 'J' and it ought to be 'M' for Mum!"

Matthew smiled down at his son.

"J stands for Joy," he explained, "and that is her name."

But he was thinking how inappropriate it was. It wasn't Joy this yellow-haired wife of his had brought him.

Patrick produced half-a-crown from his leather purse.

"I want three," he told his father, "and they're a shilling each, and I've only got half-a-crown to spend on Mum's present."

The answer was obvious. Matthew added sixpence. Joy, watching, saw the coin pass. The last time he would ever have anything to do with a present destined for her, she reflected. It was all terribly awkward-making, but worse was to come.

Patrick, who had requested his father to look the other way, slipped a hand through her arm.

"Would Dad like a pipe?"

"He might."

"Would he like that big match-box, with matches in it?"

"I dare say."

"Mum! You're no help at all! Don't you know what he wants?"

"Couldn't you ask him, darling?" Joy's nerves were getting frayed.

"No, no! It wouldn't be a surprise if I did."

Choosing the pipe for Matthew was a difficult business. Again it proved too expensive, and Joy added five shillings.

"I'll pay you back, Mum. I swear I will, when you give me my Christmas money."

"That's all right, Pat. I've given you the five shillings, see?"

"Oh, well, as long as it's mine."

Having collected both his parents again, Patrick worked through a long list while they looked on. More or less appropriate gifts were chosen for Saunders, Joy's elderly maid, for the Matron at school, for Matt's valet, and for a certain school-fellow called Piggy Higgins, who appeared to loom very large on Pat's horizon.

By the time they left Horringer's, Joy felt quite exhausted, and Pat was hung round with parcels like a Christmas tree.

"Do I come back with you?" Matthew asked Joy in a low voice as Patrick hurled himself and his parcels into a vacant space in the revolving door, and was carried into the street.

"I suppose so. He won't be satisfied unless you lunch."

"It's hard on you, Joy," he muttered, and:

"It doesn't matter," Joy returned indifferently.

When Patrick had scraped the last creamy morsel of meringue off his plate, he looked at his embarrassed parents.

"What's the treat for this afternoon?" he demanded.

"You can't expect a treat every day," Joy answered sharply.

Patrick's face fell.

"But this is Christmas, Mum. Oh, Mum, don't be horrid!"

"I'll take you out this afternoon, old boy, and your mother can rest."



Picking up the hand telephone, gilded to match her room, Joy dialled Black's Club.

Pacified, Patrick withdrew, and reappeared in a bowler hat, which came down to the top of his ears, and an overcoat which allowed for growing. After one glance at Patrick, "I can't say his clothes fit," remarked Matthew, putting his own hat on to his dark, well-brushed head, and preparing to escort his son into the street.

"Granny's Miss Smith chose them," Patrick informed him. "Mum was too busy, and you weren't there."

"I see," said Matthew Standish, and the bitter line round his mouth deepened. Joy would often be too busy in the future, and he would never be there. Lady Bellinger's maid would probably choose again the first thing which came to hand.

And the next day Matthew called for Patrick and they went straight out for the whole morning. He dropped him back at lunch-time, with an excellently fitting bowler on his newly cut and slicked down fair hair.

The hint contained in that immaculate bowler was not lost on Joy, but she said nothing. It was her turn that afternoon, and she took Patrick to a *matinée*, with the satisfactory result that she and Matthew hardly met at all. The next two days were pretty much the same, only she took the mornings and Matthew the afternoons. So the strain relaxed a bit, and Joy decided she would be able to get through it somehow, though her thoughts would turn to that amusing *appartement* of Mme. de Lavos's in Paris, and to Rupert Blair, who, unaccountably, had never written since he got her wire.

"What a mess," said Joy, standing in the doorway.

Patrick, writing at her table, his tongue pushed between his teeth with the effort of composition, looked round.

"The decorations, Mum. I asked Saunders to bring them in here, and Dad and I are going to do them when he comes."

Joy shrugged. "I see."

Well, they might as well do that as anything else, in those hours that had to be got through somehow. Crossing the room she looked over Patrick's shoulder. An elegant compact lay at his side containing powder, rouge, and lipstick, and he was attaching a label on it with great care.

"Pat! Who's this for?" she exclaimed.

"Matron," said Pat triumphantly.

"But surely. . ."

Joy had a recollection of a starched figure and putty-coloured face.

"Matron wouldn't use any of these things!"

"Oh, not when the Head's about," said Patrick easily, "but she powders like anything when she's going out, and I shall tell her that you use rouge, so she can."

"You awful boy!" Joy's laughter rang out for the first time, and Matt heard it as he walked into the room.

"What's the joke?" he asked, rather drearily.

"Only Pat sending rouge to the Matron, and telling her I use it too. Anyhow, she won't think anything of me soon, so it doesn't matter."



Choosing the pipe for Matthew was a difficult business. Again it proved too expensive, and Joy added five shillings.

Rupert was slim, dark, and intriguing, and danced like a professional, and all the women were after him; even Sadie wouldn't have minded taking him from Joy if she could, which made it all the more maddening to have had to abandon the chance of seeing him, and Joy resolved that the very moment mother was well enough to have Patrick, she would fly over to Paris and have a glamorous New Year there.

Meanwhile, there was Christmas itself to be faced, and the constant sight of Matthew, which was fraying her nerves and bringing back memories of other Christmases. Stupid memories she didn't want to be bothered with.

Trees at Green Gables for the village, and herself making a little speech. Church, with the choir very seldom on the note, and four-year-old Patrick in long woolly gaiters between them in the Green Gables pew. Those things were gone, gone, *gone*, and she wouldn't think of them.

Christmas Eve. It began with the trunk call to Bournemouth, and the good report from the faithful maid.

Everything was going on well, and Lady Bellinger would be sure to be able to have dear little Master Patrick in a few days.

"Good," thought Joy, hanging up the receiver. The visit to Paris was only delayed, and she went down to face the strenuous day more cheerfully.

The drawing-room was a sea of coloured paper and labels with good wishes and tiny pictures of children clapping their hands in the snow, and robins and holly. Before the fireplace lay a heap of holly and one big bunch of mistletoe.

She hadn't meant to say that. It slipped out, but Patrick turned his head, and fixed surprised eyes on her.

"Matron thinks a lot of you, Mum. She thinks you're a lovely lady, and so you are," and in his energy Pat knocked over the ink, and Matthew had to mop it up, and Joy had just time to save Matron's present, and a welcome diversion was created.

Patrick proceeded to decorate the drawing-room. His taste ran to long, highly-coloured streamers, and scratchy, crooked pieces of holly along the mantelpiece and above the Dutch flower pictures, which had hung in austere beauty since Joy acquired them a year ago. By the time he had finished, Joy's modern drawing-room looked like the hall of a village institute, and Patrick was satisfied.

"Now the mistletoe," he declared.

"Why not the hall?" suggested Matthew, who was beginning to be sorry for Joy. But Patrick, incurably conservative, wished everything to be as it had been last year.

"Don't you remember, Dad? You hung it on the chandelier the year before last, and you gave Mum a whacking great kiss under it! Everything must be the same this year."

But here Patrick received his first snub.

"Things are not always the same, old boy," remarked Matthew; "and I'm going to hang it in the hall, and you can kiss Saunders under it."

"Righto!" and Patrick, waving the mistletoe, rushed off to the hall, where he could be heard instructing Saunders in an important voice where to put it. A chair scraped across the hall. It was evident that he was

happily at work. Matthew ran a finger round his collar, and then lit a cigarette.

"By the way," he said, looking across at Joy, "I'd better give you my present for him now, so that you can put it in his stocking to-night," and he pulled a small parcel from his pocket and laid it on a table near where he sat.

"Thanks," Joy spoke without looking at it, without caring to know what it was. "I'll see that he gets it."

"Need I stay to tea?" said the man, after a moment's silence.

"No. He expects you to-morrow, though, to lunch and tea."

He reflected a moment. "'Fraid I can't manage lunch, but I'll turn up in good time for tea."

For the first time Joy looked faintly surprised, faintly interested. With whom could Matthew be lunching on Christmas Day? She ran over one or two people in her mind, friends of his who had turned against her, but all she said was: "Very well."

And turning to the table, she found herself taking up *The Sketch* and staring at an advertisement to hide her consciousness of this stranger, who was yet her husband.

Matthew finished his cigarette. Joy turned the pages of *The Sketch*. The clock ticked loudly into the silence, and Patrick's happy laughter filled the hall.

The midday meal on Christmas Day alone with Patrick, which Joy had secretly dreaded, went off better than could have been expected, owing to the fact that gluttony is permitted, if not encouraged, on that particular day. Outside, the world was wrapped in fog, and the lights were glowing softly above the immense turkey surrounded with sausages, which made way for the plum-pudding, over which the burning brandy dropped from the spoon.

"Don't let the flame out, Mum, or you won't be lucky."

But Joy's hand shook and the little yellow leaping tongue died away before it reached her plate. With the help of the turkey and plum-pudding, Pat's conversation was pleasantly anecdotal, most of his stories beginning in the same way.

"A chap at school is going to have a home cinema as a Christmas present, and his pater will show him how to work it in the hols. Wouldn't it be fun if I had one, Mum? Of course, they're rich, but then, we are rather, too, aren't we? Poor old Piggy is jolly poor, but he has awful fun in the hols, all the same. His mater gives up the whole house to him, and last Christmas he made a wigwam in her bedroom, and she didn't mind a bit."

Joy was only half listening. She was peeling a tangerine for him, and nodded and smiled at the right moments. But his next words made her listen.

"A chap at school, Mum, called Rokeby, has got parents who are divorced," he told her, carefully placing a milkmaid's cap on his head.

"He blubbed awfully when they told him," he added, tying the strings under his chin.

"That was rather silly of him, Pat," but Joy spoke gently, and her eyes were troubled.

"Oh, I don't know, Mum. Rokie is a bit soft, but still, anybody would blub at a thing like that."

"I hate Christmas," Joy was saying to herself, "and I hate pretending. Oh, when, when will it be over?"

Like a refrain in her head, which joined itself to the carols on the wireless coming up from the servants' hall, ran the words: "Any chap would blub at a thing like that. Any . . . chap . . . would . . . blub . . . at . . . a . . . thing . . . like . . . that. . ."

"Christmas dinner is over," she announced suddenly. "You'll burst if you eat any more."

Patrick elected to amuse himself till tea with the box of conjuring tricks Lady Bellinger had sent him, and in the cheerful atmosphere of the servants' hall, he lit the fireworks and made the penny disappear, while Saunders and the butler and Mrs. Armitage, the fat cook, watched him admiringly, and provided a gratifying chorus of surprise and admiration at each trick.

And, alone in the fog-darkened drawing-room upstairs, Joy slept in a big armchair by the fire, the points of her black lashes wet on her cheeks, her face very small and pale in the dim light, her yellow hair, with the brightness blotted out, looking almost silvery against the beige cushion. Before she slept she had rung up Paris, been told by his French servant that "Monsieur Blair had gone out with *une dame*, and it was not known at what hour he would be back. No, he had left no message. Evidently he had not expected that anyone would ring."

"Sadie," said Joy viciously to herself, as she went back to the drawing-room, realising how bitterly one could hate one's best friends.

And then there had seemed absolutely nothing to do but sleep, and in sleep she had drifted away—not to Rupert, as might have been supposed, but to a Hunt Ball, where the cheery, red-faced M.F.H. had said: "I must introduce you to a very nice lad, Matt Standish. . ."

She woke with a little start, to a flood of yellow radiance as the lights were clicked on by the butler, and to the apparition of a small boy in an Eton suit and spectacles, and a collar a size too big, who smiled at her ingratiatingly, and said:

"I've called for Patrick, Mrs. Standish. Is he ready? because we're going by bus, and we ought to start now."

"Patrick? Start now . . . by bus?"

Joy was rubbing her eyes. This seemed like part of the dream, except that Patrick himself was hurrying in at the door in his Etons, and an overcoat, and with a large parcel under his arm. The two boys grinned at each other.

"Mum, this is Piggy Higgins," explained Pat. "He asked me ever so long ago—didn't you, Pig?—to tea on Christmas Day, and I told him

(Continued on page 53.)



Joy looked down at the gold band on the third finger of her left hand. "I must have a wedding ring!"

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TO MARY NICOLL, AGED TWELVE: UPON HER SKILL IN TINYCRAFT.

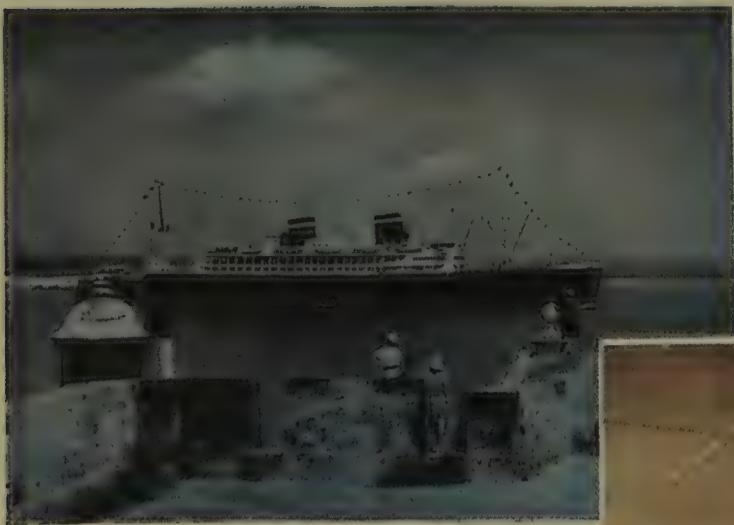
I marvel, Mary, at this thine art,
Miraculous in every part,
Whereby are fashion'd out of clay
(As Father Adam was, they say)
Statues so pretty and so small,
So bravely clothed and deck'd withal.
'T would need my Herrick's pen to tell—
Or his who sang of Christabel—
Their thousand charms in fitting verse
And all their histories rehearse.
Like dancers in a saraband,
Sedately move, or waiting stand,
Kings, Queens, and ladies grave or gay,
Dress'd in "the pomp of yesterday":
Thy Scottish namesake, doom'd to woe,
Beside her minstrel, Rizzio;
Her sceptred rival—English Bess
(No "sweet disorder" in her dress!);

Here, the eighth Harry, many-wived;
There, Eleanor, whose doom so rived
The first royal Edward's heart with loss,
He built, at each hearse-halt, a Cross.
Mix'd with these great of olden time,
Figures of many an age and clime;
Dancer and jester and gondolier,
Actress and flower-girl—all are here.
Miss Prue, and the Scarlet Pimpernel,
And even a modern bathing belle!
With such deft skill hast thou array'd,
Mary, thy Lilliput cavalcade;
With an inch of velvet, a satin scrap,
Cunningly wrought for robe or cap;
A feather, a bead, or a wisp of lace,
And a lump of clay for figure and face;
Ev'n as the fool who "made his prayer
"To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair!"

C. E. BYLES.

The charming little "Rag-Bag" Figurines illustrated above were made by Mary Nicoll, aged 12 years, daughter of Mr. Gordon Nicoll, R.L., the well-known artist. "The figures are built (he explains) on a wire armature with modelling clay—painted when hard. The costumes are cut from odd scraps of silk, satin, lace or ribbon, and stitched or glued to the figures. Other materials used are beads, feathers, pieces of brocade, and gold and silver paint. The average height of the figures is 7 inches. The design of the costumes in almost every case is historically correct."

The characters represented, and the materials used in each case, are as follows: (front row, left to right) Girl with Roses (coloured silks); Mary Queen of Scots (velvet costume hand-embroidered); Rizzio, the Minstrel (mostly velvet with little gems attached); Oriental Dancer (modelling clay and painted paper); Queen Elizabeth (coloured silk, net, glass bead fringes with gems attached); Henry VIII. (silk and velvet, gems and feathers); Spanish Dancer (satin and coloured lace); Jester (satin, felt, and wool); and Queen Eleanor of Castile (brocade, satin, velvet, and lace). The other figures, at the back, are (left to right) Lilac Lady (silk ribbon); Beach Pyjamas Lady (paper and cretonne); Chinese Actress (painted and gilded silk); Boy Eating Apple (painted modelling clay); Curtseying Girl (red silk); Three 18th-century Figures in Gondola (silk, satin, and velvet); The Scarlet Pimpernel (silk brocade); Lavender-Seller Child (painted modelling clay); Group of Two Girls Nursing Child (silks and satins); Miss Prudence (brocade coat, satin skirt); and Lady Blakeney (brocade and coloured lace).



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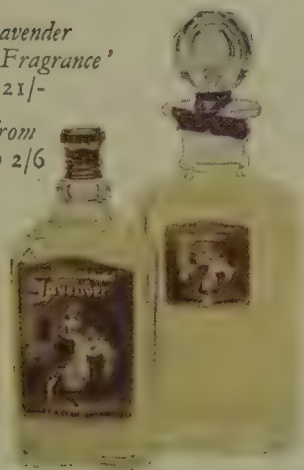
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are made of!*



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CHRISTMAS FOR PATRICK.—(Continued from page 44.)

if I wasn't at Bournemouth I'd come, and we really ought to start at once, Mum, as there's such a fog."

"But you never said a word," gasped Joy, "and Daddy's coming in a minute to have tea."

"I know, Mum, I ought to have told you, but it went right out of my head; and, oh, Mum! I'm sure Daddy won't mind. Oh, here he is!"

"Hullo!" Matthew was in the doorway, looking at Joy's face of consternation and the eager faces of the two boys.

Joy explained as well as she could with the two boys breaking in. "Pat seems to have promised——"

"Dad, you won't mind, will you, just for once? You can have tea with Mum."

"Do let him come," from Piggy; "we've a ripping tree, and we ought to be off now, 'cos we're going by bus."

"You're not going by bus." Matthew ignored everything else and came straight to the point. "I'll put you in a taxi, and please send him back in another, young man."

And soon they were all in the hall, and Matthew was pressing half-crowns into Pat's hand, and giving Master Higgins's Notting Hill address to the taxi-driver.

"The fog is clearing," he said to Joy, as they drove off; "he'll be all right."

"Tea is laid in the dining-room, Madam," said the butler, closing the front door. The Standishes looked at each other. There was no reason whatever why they should share a meal, and Matthew picked up his hat and stick.

"Well, as Pat's accounted for," he said, without looking at Joy, "I'll be getting along."

But Joy was looking through the open door of the dining-room at the lavish preparations. The white-frosted cake, the smaller cakes flanking it, the crossed crackers, the delicate dishes of bread and butter. The work of servants who would be hurt if nothing was eaten and enjoyed.

"Better have tea," she said awkwardly. "Mrs. Armitage will be upset if no one touches her cake."

Slowly Matthew laid down his hat and stick.

"Well, if you think . . ."

"Yes, I really do." Facing Matthew across the laden tea-table, Joy felt exactly as she had done years ago, when Lady Bellinger had made her debut as hostess, and she had made small talk to total strangers on general topics. This time it was the selfishness of small boys.

"It never entered Patrick's head that he oughtn't to go careering off with this Higgins boy when everything was ready for him here. I expect he will grow up a thoroughly selfish man," she added bitterly.

"The world is full of selfish men," said Matthew, cutting through the snowy sugar and the yellow almond-icing to the deep, rich foundation of Mrs. Armitage's Christmas cake. "I suppose I'm one of them."

Joy found no answer, and held out her plate for the slice he was balancing on the knife with great care.

"Odd, his being so keen on the Higgins. He seems a nice little chap, but . . . well . . . hardly up to Pat's standard, I should have thought."

"Pat likes the atmosphere," remarked Joy, and, for something to say, she told him about the wigwam in Mrs. Higgins's bedroom. Matthew

(Continued overleaf.)



"All three of us?"—"All three of us," said Joy.

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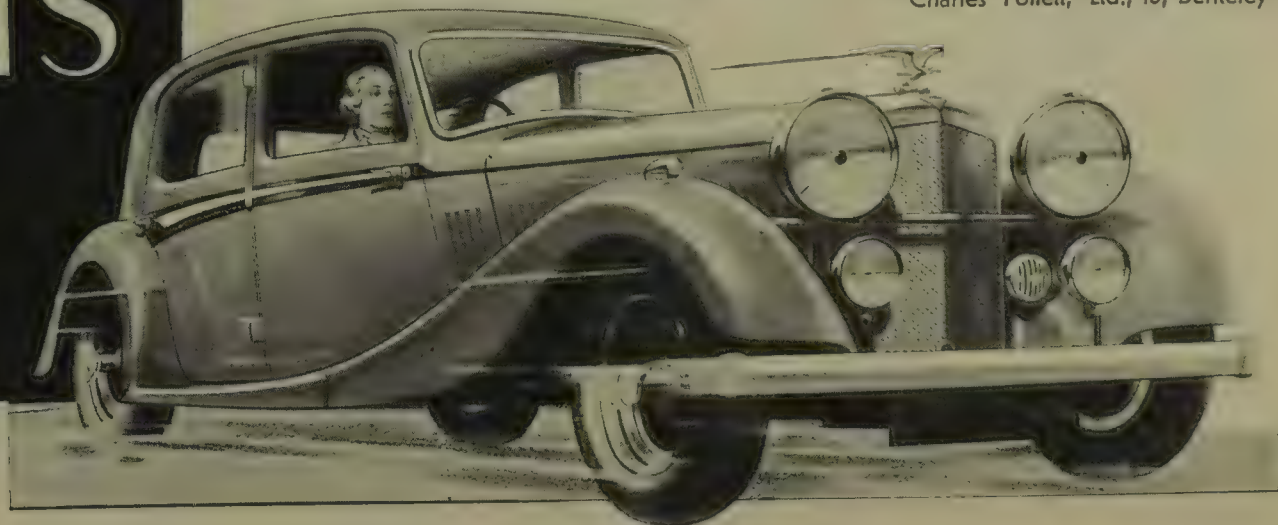
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(Continued.)

laughed, and silence lapsed like a heavy pall, more choking than the fog clearing away in yellow mist-wreaths outside the drawn curtains.

"You haven't eaten your slice," Joy broke that enveloping silence hurriedly.

"I forgot," and Matthew broke off a tiny corner and swallowed it with difficulty.

"Another cup of tea?"

"No, thanks."

That silence again, then: "How is Lady Bellinger?"

"Better, thanks. . . ."

"Good. . . ."

Joy shot a swift look at the clock. Matthew's eyes followed hers. The tea-table had been properly disarranged, and a creditable portion of the cake eaten, but there were still the stacks of scarlet-and-gold crackers Pat adored. They could be kept for dinner, of course, but Blake had taken such meticulous care over their arrangement that Joy felt it imperative that one or two should be pulled.

Seizing one, rather as if it were a dagger, she presented it to Matthew. "We must," she said briefly, "because of Blake's feelings."

Matthew nodded. That was so like Joy. She could cut their lives in two without reserve; but not for worlds would she hurt the pride of any of her household.

His lean, brown hand closed on the other end, and without the flicker of a smile on either face they pulled the cracker. The contents fell on to Joy's plate. A rolled cap, which she left untouched, and a cracker ring with a motto.

She picked up the ring and looked at it absently, while Matthew unrolled the motto.

"When a ring I give to thee, It is for all eternity," he read out in a hard voice. Then he crushed the little piece of paper and threw it into the fire. "Rot!" he said with violence.

Joy stared at him. "Meaning?" she enquired coolly.

Matthew pushed back his chair and stood up, tall and menacing. "The fellow who wrote that motto is a thousand years behind the times. I see you still wear that ring I gave you eleven years ago. Why don't you chuck it away? It's worth about as much as that cracker ring."

Joy looked down at the gold band on the third finger of her left hand. "I must have a wedding ring!"

"But you needn't, it seems, have the husband who gave it to you."

There was so much bitterness in Matthew's voice that Joy stared at him in amazement.

"But you agreed . . . you saw it was the only thing. . . ."

"Because I knew you'd set your heart on it, and that nothing else would satisfy you. Do you suppose I like letting Pat think, as he will one day, that his father was a rotter, the kind of man he won't respect? Do you suppose I like having no home, and only seeing my son half the year?"

"It's the same for me," she protested, whitening.

Matthew leaned forward. His clenched teeth were a white line in his dark face. Through them he said: "It's hardest for me, because I still care for you, worse luck."

The silence which followed was full of unspoken things, voices which shouted in Joy's ears, "He still loves you. What are you going to do about it?" Little fine whispers, like the cries of unborn children begging her, "Do understand. He means it, but it is for the last time."

"There's Rupert," another voice in Joy's inner self reminded her, but Joy hardly listened to this voice and it faded away, to be replaced by Patrick's.

"The three of us, Mum, the three of us."

She lifted her eyes to Matthew's, and in them he saw something which was like a peep into Joy's soul. He sat down again, laid his lean, brown hand on her wrist.

"It isn't too late, Joy," he muttered. "Don't let the lawyers play a game with our lives. I'll give you all you want, sell Green Gables, live anywhere you wish . . . Joy. . . ."

Suddenly Joy's head went down on their clasped hands in unmistakable surrender. "I've been a beast," she sobbed, "but if you still want me . . ."

"I shall," said Matthew Standish, looking down at the bent head of Joy's, "never want anyone else."

"Such a rag!" said Patrick, bursting into the drawing-room at seven-thirty, his hat at the back of his head, his arms full of cheap toys. "We made Higgins's pater an apple-pie bed, and he caught us at it, and chased us all over the house. But he was awfully decent, really, and he gave me this. Look!" And he suddenly flashed an electric torch in Joy's face.

"Have you been crying, Mum?" he asked, his round, pale-blue eyes registering surprise.

They were sitting, those two who made up Patrick's home world, very close together on the sofa, and at his question Matthew's arm went round Joy's shoulder.

Joy said: "Perhaps I have, Pat. But it's only because I'm so happy."

"How weird!" said Patrick.

Grown-ups were, he had noticed, even his parents. But he never knew just how weird things might have been if Granny Bellinger had not had a heart attack. Hastily he changed the subject.

"Can we have next Christmas at Green Gables, Mum?"

"Perhaps," said Matthew, looking at Joy.

"Yes," said Joy decidedly.

"All three of us?"

"All three of us," said Joy.

And with those words, two eminent firms of lawyers lost half their fees.

[THE END.]



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Born 1820—
Still going Strong!

THE EMPEROR WHO WORE FETTERS AT HIS ACCESSION.

(Continued from page 28.)

slept on the floor. The nerve-racked Emperor approached, and laid his hand on the heart of his old brother-in-arms. Michael did not stir and his heart beat as calmly as that of an innocent man. Shaking his fist at the traitor and his faithless guardian, Leo withdrew noiselessly, and a little boy, a servant of Michael, crept out from under his master's couch and roused both slumberers. He told them that a man had been in to inspect them, and had quitted them with a menacing gesture. He had only been able to see the man's feet, but had recognised the red boots of the Emperor.

The keeper, terrified for his own safety, agreed to do anything that Michael suggested. They knew that the palace was full of conspirators. By means of the man who went to fetch a confessor, Michael sent word to his partisans that unless they fell in with a desperate scheme for his deliverance, he would reveal all their names before he died.

On great festivals, a highly trained band of choristers, drawn from all the principal churches in the capital, was admitted to the palace to chant matins in the Imperial chapel. Nobody noticed, as the singers filed in through the accustomed postern gate on this dark and chilly Christmas morning, that their number was unusually large. The Emperor, who was proud of his strong voice, was always present at this early service. Leo and his chaplain arrived dressed alike, in peaked felt caps and heavy furred mantles. So when they lifted up their voices to lead the first hymn, both found themselves attacked. Michael's followers, disguised as choristers, drew swords and daggers from under their habits, and several, mistaking him for the Emperor, first pursued and wounded the chaplain. Throwing off his cap, the priest disclosed a shaven crown, not to be mistaken for the thickly covered head of the hirsute Leo, the Armenian, and the assassins turned from him. The Emperor, who had dashed to the altar, made ready to defend himself with the first weapon that came to hand—a weighty crucifix. A rain of blows shattered it, and whilst his fingers still grasped its fragments, a sword severed his arm from its shoulder. He dropped in front of the altar steps, and many daggers were plunged into his body.

The conspirators hastened to release their leader. They bore Michael in triumph from his cell and proclaimed him Emperor. But Michael the Stammerer sat on the Imperial throne for several hours, whilst sycophants bowed down before him, with the fetters of a felon still on his legs. In the tumult no blacksmith was readily forthcoming to release him, and the keys of his chains lay safely hidden in the clothing of his murdered predecessor.

The last of the eastern seer's prophecies was fulfilled when Thomas, after defying Michael's title for three years at the head of eighty thousand barbarians, fell into the hands of his life-long enemy and was done to death "like a beast."

[THE END.]

THE COVENANTER WHO HID AMONGST THE BONES OF HIS ANCESTORS

(Continued from page 30.)

came that Baillie of Jerviswood had been executed. "With great composure," the fugitive announced to his wife and daughter that he saw he must tempt Providence no more, and they must alter some of his clothes so that he could pass as a servant of his own grieve going to sell horses at Morpeth Fair. The grieve, on being told that his master was in the castle, fainted away, and Sir Patrick himself lost his road on Tweedside, and was nearly overtaken by soldiers who had missed horses from the stables at Redbraes; but he managed to reach London where he assumed the character of "Dr. Wallace," a part which he had some knowledge to support.

The whole family were reunited in Holland, where they set up house in Utrecht; and although they were desperately poor, Grisell records that the years she spent there were amongst the happiest in her life. The daughters and mother went to market, cooked, sewed, and cleaned the house, while Sir Patrick, in the intervals of practising as a surgeon, instructed his children. The eldest son, like many other young Scottish exiles, joined the Prince of Orange's guards. Here he found George Baillie a fellow-recruit. They were often on sentry-go together, and when pretty girls wanted to see his Royal Highness, George and Patrick would cross their halberds in front of the entrance, and refuse to let Grisell and her sisters in until they had paid forfeit with a kiss.

At last the long-looked-for day came when the Prince sailed for England to assume his father-in-law's crown, jointly with his wife, who invited Grisell to accompany her as one of her maids of honour. But Grisell, who had, to her parents' disappointment, refused several solid offers of marriage during the past years, was now able to announce that, although they had been at great pains to keep their affection secret while neither of them had a shilling, George Baillie and she had long ago decided that if they could not marry some day, neither of them would ever marry. He was no longer the gay young man she had met in the Tolbooth. The shock of witnessing his father's execution had given his character a permanently serious turn, but the tall, silent old admirer to whom Grisell was united at Redbraes, after eight years' courtship, proved "the best of husbands, and delight of my life for forty-eight years, without one jar betwixt us."

Sir Patrick was created first Earl of Marchmont, lived to a vast age, and preserved his sense of humour to the last. He caused himself to be carried down to watch his grandchildren dance, pointing out that he could at least beat time with his foot. Lord Binning, the husband of Grisell's younger daughter, wondering why the cadaverous old lord sat smiling to himself, received the startling explanation that it was amusing to think what a disappointment the worms would meet with when they got to Lord Marchmont, expecting a good meal!

[THE END.]

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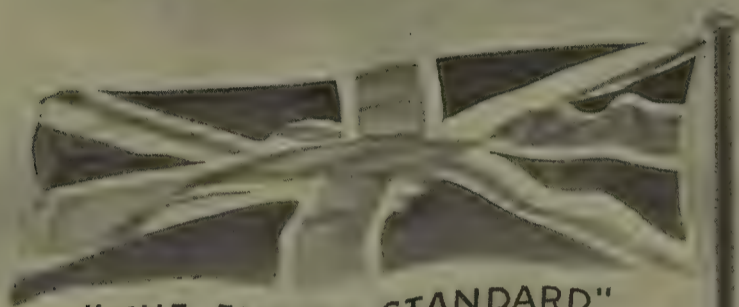
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Illuminations by the Electricity Department.

A SIMPLE TALE—By EARDLEY BESWICK.

IN the Old Kent Road district, as every observant Londoner will have noticed, the street lighting has a warm, faintly reddish tint. Also in the Old Kent Road the public-houses are important. Founded on vast cellars, their ground floors, given over entirely to public-house business, will be bright with plate glass and chromium and have solid, new-oak counters that are lit from under soft pink shades and have bowls of flowers upon them. Of course, there are other, less *soignée* public-houses, but let us see the Old Kent Road *couleur-de-rose* for once, as the Electricity Department evidently intends.

On the first floor of the sort of public-house we are recalling will be a number of dignified rooms, all with white lace curtains shrouding their tall windows. The largest will be the club-room, with adjacent kitchens capable of cooking a club supper. There will also be an abandoned billiard-room that was shut down when the moth got into the cloth, the private sitting-rooms of the publican's family, and sundry undefinable rooms, receptacles for unwanted mahogany. Presumably the architect decided he must fill the whole area with rooms somehow, and leave it to the inhabitants to find a use for them.

On the second floor will be the bedrooms of the publican's family and those for the travellers who never arrive demanding a night's lodging. They are, nevertheless, numerous, the travellers' bedrooms, and though not all have beds, all have precisely the same long white curtains before their generous but seldom-opened windows.

On the third floor will be "atticky" bedrooms for such of the staff as sleep in; for Ada Relf, for instance, who serves in the new-oak and chromium saloon-bar. To-night is Ada's night off, rather a special night off, the first that she will spend at her young man's home at Seven Kings. There is poor daylight at this hour and time of the year, and Ada has switched on the pink-shaded light over her little dressing-mirror in order to make up her complexion attractively. She is skilful at this work, and only a little less lavish now than if she were going on duty in the saloon-bar below.

The pinkish light is kind to a tired skin that nowadays demands a less subtle bloom than that of youth. The warm tinge invites the use of a slightly purplish flush for the cheeks, a slightly purplish lipstick.

Ada knows she can get the combination precisely right, having had the sense to shade her bedroom light similarly to the bar lights below. Thus she knows how she will look when on duty. You can't afford mistakes about that sort of thing in the public-house world.

Having finished her fards, she puts a little bucket-shaped hat very carefully over her permanent waves, and, cocking a neat head, perkily quizzes her image in the mirror. "You'll do," she tells it, and, indeed, she looks pretty well. She hasn't lost all her looks yet by a long way, though she fears she may before she can persuade her Bert to end their engagement in the only desirable way. She means to try to-night. She must; a girl can't go on working in a bar and keep her looks after she has turned twenty-seven. However careful you are, after twenty-seven the effects of a life like that will begin to show on you, and a girl wants to be married before she loses her looks.

Ada's Bert is a joiner, has a little business of his own, and is ambitious. No doubt he will be comfortably off one day and his wife will have an easy life. He actually wants his wife to be a lady. Not that he doesn't think Ada a lady, but that he wants her to live like one, which, for him, is different. So Ada works and he works, and they see each other no more than once a fortnight, unless he comes over to the Old Kent Road for an evening, as he does now and then. He finds it unsatisfactory, though, to watch his girl across a new-oak counter that he remembers helping to fix—that, of course, being how he met Ada.

She makes a few leisurely adjustments to her dress, and then, fancying she could do with more shadow round the eyes, applies it successfully, approves the result, cleans up a microscopic blur at the corner of her lips, and is ready. Unfortunately, there is no need to hurry. Bert does not leave his joinery until six, not even on Ada's night off. If he did, she could be out of the Old Kent Road by three and he would have at least an hour more of her company. She can't help thinking of that as she puts out the light and finds her way down progressively wider and less-steep stairs. On the first floor she puts her head round a door and says: "Well, ta-ta. I'm going now, Mrs. Bolton."

The names of Mr. Bolton are written in full on the lintels outside, but his wife has never discovered the differences between the essential natures of employers and employed. "Here, come in a minute and let's have a look at you," she calls. "Switch the light on—it gets dark that early."

[Continued overleaf.]



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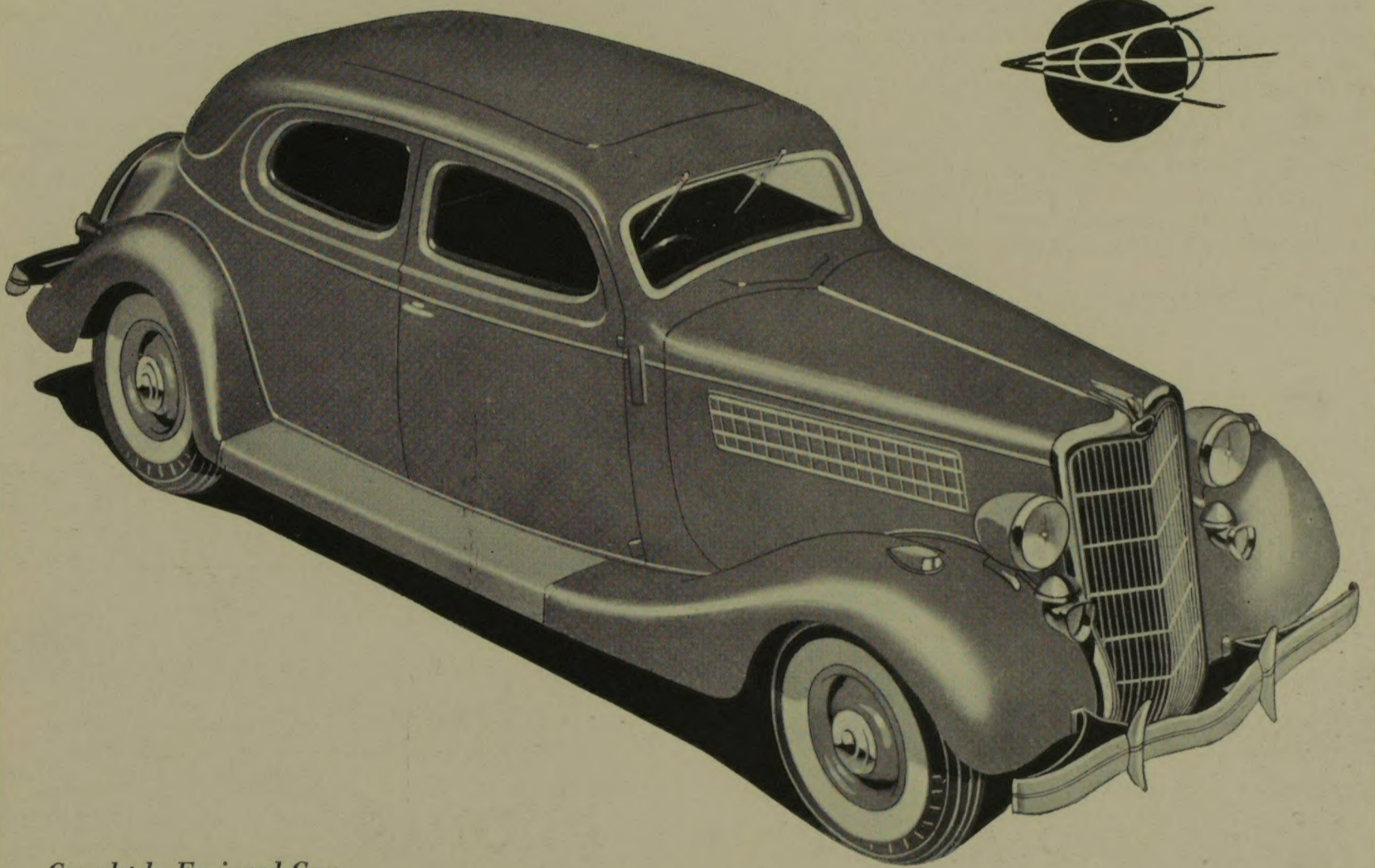
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Continued.]

Ada switches on the pink-shaded light as she passes. Then, hands on hips, she imitates a mannequin curtsying.

"That's a sweet little 'at," says her mistress, with all the seriousness of a connoisseur. "I wish I'd 'ad one like it 'stead of the leghorn. 'Owever, p'raps it wouldn't suit me same as you." Her generosity expands after the last thought. "You look real nice, Ada," she says. "We'll be losin' you some day if we lets you go out lookin' like that."

That, of course, is just what Ada wants to hear. "Tooraloo," she says, and mannequins it out of the first-floor sitting-room. She likes Mrs. Bolton and knows that Mrs. Bolton likes her. Their tastes are alike. When she is married she means to come over often to see how Mrs. Bolton is getting on. It will help her to fill her days; keep her from getting mouldy while Bert is spending long hours at his business. When she is married.

It is dusk so early that the pinkish street-lights flash on as she makes her way across to the bus stop, carrying her smart little dress-case and her dumpy umbrella. Against the stop is the window of the shilling doctor's consulting-room. The street lights have made a mirror of its big brown face, so that she is able to see herself full-length for the first time to-day. Yes, she certainly looks all right in her dark costume, her opulent shoulder-fur, and her buckety little hat. Very ladylike, but at the same time very fetching. She parts her lips to smile at her image in the window. Fine white teeth flash out at her in response, cheeks delicately flushed under big shadowed eyes tell her to be of good confidence. She has looks, and she has what the movie fans call "pep."

Bert is waiting as she gets off the bus at the Cauliflower. He raises his hat politely and then holds out both hands for hers. It is too public here, he thinks, for a kiss. "Tired?" he asks solicitously. An unexpected question from Bert.

"Well, p'raps I am a bit, dear," she admits. "It's a long way, reelly."

He takes her smart little dress-case in one hand, her elbow in the

other. "Cup of tea 'll put you right," he says. "Mum 'll have it all ready."

They walk down a tidy street of neat terrace houses. As soon as they are far enough away from the strident lights of the high road, Bert shifts his hand from her left elbow to her right shoulder and his face bends over hers. She lets her head droop upon his shoulder, her shadowed eyelids flutter blissfully, and her lips offer themselves. After this he keeps his arm about her and she leans a little on him as they walk. There is something novel about her Bert to-night; something unwontedly solicitous, tender.

"Tired, Ada?" asks Mum ten minutes later.

"I am a bit," admits Ada. "It's a long way, reelly."

"You slip upstairs and take your things off. Your room's at the end of the landing. A cup of tea 'll buck you up."

Ada goes upstairs, thinking how nice it is to be welcomed like this in a "private" house for once, how lucky that Bert's mum is such a sport, how fond Bert is of her "reelly." Her hand finds the switch and light flashes out from under a hard opal shade—no soft pink here. Loosening her fur, she makes for the dressing-table. Lord, she does look a fright in this light! Enough to make Bert want to break off the engagement. She starts feverishly to alter her complexion, but, as she has only the one shade of powder, of lip-stick, the most she can do is to remove some of the shadow from about her eyes.

Downstairs Mum is saying to Bert: "That girl's working herself to death if you ask me, boy."

And Bert replies: "I know, Mum. She fair give me a shock when she got off the bus. Proper played out she looked. I'm reckoning I'll tell her to put in her notice to-morrow. She can stay here a bit, can't she, till we're married?"

Of course, as every observant Londoner will have noticed, the street-lighting in the Seven Kings district has a particularly harsh bluish tint.

[THE END.]

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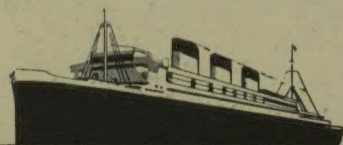
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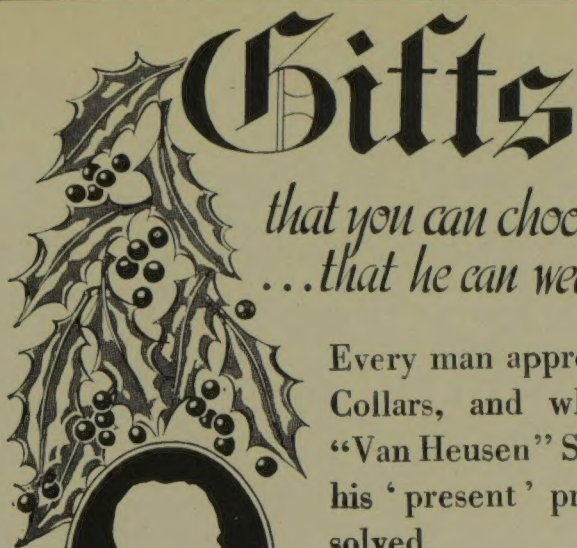
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